

Sports Illustrated

CLAY-WILLIAMS FIGHT
PREVIEW

NOVEMBER 14, 1966 42 CENTS

**SUPER
SKI
RUNS**





PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES H. HARRIS

With 34 wives, even a king has to cut a few corners.

Big, fast, expensive cars have always been a passion with royalty. But a family man like King Njiru of Kenya probably doesn't have very much passion to spare.

Or very much money. (Things have been kind of slow lately in the king business.) Which makes him the kind of king that a Volkswagen is really fit for.

The price of a brand new one—\$1639*

—isn't much higher than the price of a brand new wife. And a VW is a lot cheaper to support.

It goes about 27 miles on a gallon of gas. About 40,000 miles on a set of tires.

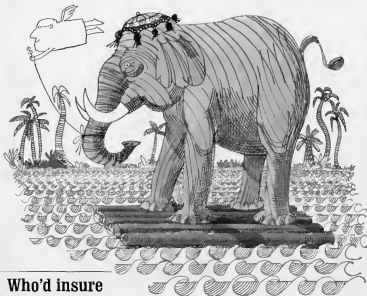
A Volkswagen also comes apart very easily. (It only takes about twenty minutes to take off a fender, or 45 minutes to take out the whole engine.) That makes repairing it

easy. And quite inexpensive.

But when it's not being taken apart, a VW holds together very nicely. So even though old ones cost a good deal, they're still a good deal.

Especially if you happen to get one that was owned by an elderly king who only used it to go to court.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY,
KING NJIRU



Who'd insure an elephant riding on a raft?

THE ST. PAUL
INSURANCE COMPANIES
DID.

You'd think a raft-riding elephant was too kooky for a venerable company like us to insure. (Venerable, we're practically Dickensian.)

But true to our reputation for creative underwriting, we said we'd try. (It seems elephants are good swimmers, so it was a good risk and we covered it.)

Q. Why did the elephant people come to us anyway?

A. Well because The St. Paul is quietly notable for insuring things never insured before (Electronic data processing equipment, farm crops against

hail, fur coats against theft, to name some.)

Q. Haven't you got an elephant?

A. Don't fret. We also write good Non-Elephant insurance. (What do you want insured: your house, your business, your car, your health, your life, your reputation?)

Q. Is the elephant important?

A. No. Our broad-minded kind of underwriting is. (You get a lot more service out of an insurance company with imagination.)

The day you want Creativity, Solvency, and Dering-Do all in one insurance company, you probably want The St. Paul. We don't know any other with all those lovable characteristics.

World's Quickest Insurance Company? Maybe, because we didn't advertise for about a century. We're trying to remedy that, though; and our Agents will talk. Look in the Yellow Pages.

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If you're under 25 you need this dial to save your neck.

No matter how tough your beard is, the skin of your neck is still tender because shaving hasn't chewed it up or turned it crusty yet. Shaving can do that because ordinary shaving devices make no adjustment for that tender skin.

The REMINGTON® 200 Selectro shaver has a dial with a special position just for your neck.

Position number one is designed to protect that very tender skin—the skin most shaving devices cut, scratch, reddens and irritate. Yet it gives you the closest shave you've ever had—while it's protecting your neck.

Another part of the Remington protection is that it has exclusive guard

combs that lift up the hairs (even the thin, curly hairs of your neck) and slick them off.

By lifting the whiskers, the guard combs also prevent ingrown hairs that can cause skin blemishes.

After you've saved your neck, positions 2, 3 and 4 will protect the rest of your face.

When you turn the dial, the cutters raise up and adjust to your particular beard. Because the new REMINGTON 200 Selectro shaver has a bigger shaving surface, you don't have to rub and scrub your skin raw red, to get a closer shave. That goes for touching up your lip or shaving your whole face for the first time

in three days.

There's a special position just for sideburns. Number 5.

Turn the dial and up comes the biggest pop-up trimmer ever. Does a straight, even, neat job on sideburns.

And it's good for back-of-the-neck jobs, too, between trips to the barber.

The easiest electric shaver cleaning ever.

Number 6 on the dial. Just click; the side panels flip open and, with a *plift* from you, it's clean. That's all there is to it.

The price. The good news is that it actually costs less than the ordinary shavers that don't care if a man under 25 gets it in the neck.

**REMINGTON 200
Selectro Shaver**

SPERRY RAND CORPORATION

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Credits on page 125

Next week

MUHAMMAD ALI, in his semi-retiree test as champion, meets Big Cat Williams for the heavy-weight title. Martin Kane reports the color and excitement of the big fight in Houston.

THE RUSSIAN HORSE. Anytime, has an excellent chance to win the International at Laurel, and the 2-year-olds go in The Garden State. Whitney Tower and color cameras report.

PASS THIEVES are having a wildly successful year in pro football, and Tex Maule, looking into a major trend toward trickier and more complex defenses, tells why, how and why.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Early last winter **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** Ski Editor Fred Smith, surveying nothing more alpine than the snow cover on New York's Central Park, suddenly was struck by an idea. Think, thought Smith, how intriguing it would be to produce a story about the 10 best ski runs in the U.S.

Certain difficulties immediately came to mind. There are more than 300 ski areas in this country, most of whose devotees are firmly convinced that *their* mountains are best. Frequently this home-chauvetism is based on mere ignorance about the area down the road; more often, it simply reflects the hazard of who happens to be where when the powder falls. But Smith was undismayed by such fragmentations of opinion. After all, that was what the story would decide. It was very simple, really: SI just had to be in all the best places at all the best times.

First off, Smith sent Associate Editor Bob Ottum to survey the early winter snows. Then he called Photographer John Zimmerman, who first learned to ski on an SI assignment eight years ago. "This isn't going to take all winter, is it?" asked Zimmerman suspiciously. "Of course not," said Smith, laughing. Zimmerman shot his last picture for this feature, the one at Crystal Mountain, Washington, in July.

Zimmerman and Writer-Reporter Paul Stewart stayed on the trail for six weeks at one stretch, and Ottum trav-

eled almost 25,000 miles. The three other reconnaissance volunteers—Smith himself, Reporter Felicia Lee and Assistant Managing Editor Roy Terrell—were just as conscientious. Between them they skied some 500 runs.

Plainly, everyone who worked on this story is a skiing zealot—including Artist Don Moss, who created the striking diagrams—but Smith tops the lot. Alabama-born, he was first exposed to skiing in 1958 at Mt. Hood, Oregon, where a racing camp was being held. "Get on the back of my skis and I'll take you downhill," Racer Linda Meyers offered. Smith, who had little idea that this was anything but normal procedure, accepted. "Afterward, I vowed I would never go down another ski run except on my own skis and under my own power," he says. Now a modest expert, Smith has since skied everywhere from Portillo, Chile to Quebec, from Alpine glaciers to a bamboo field on the Japanese island of Hokkaido.

None of our 10 ski runs are quite that exotic, of course, but Smith is firm on one point. "American skiing is the best in the world," he says. "Our lifts are better, our patrolling is better, our snow is better kept, and we have four mountain ranges to choose among. Timberline goes up to 11,000 feet instead of 6,000 as in the Alps, with the result that most of our runs are protected ones. Above all, our snow is usually better than Europe's. European snow now has a higher moisture content than snow in the U.S."

And, though short on bamboo, our 10 have their own color. Wasatch-trained Ottum happily writes of Martin Trees, 45° drops and runs ending amid the ore hoists and old saloons of resuscitated ghost towns. It is enough to make someone who can't tell a piste from a pistol want to jump on the back of Ottum's skis.

SKI EDITOR SMITH AT PORTILLO

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BOOKTALK

A history of the gas bags: forerunners of today's air travel and explorations

Sport of the Gods! Who else flies over a sleeping world, through space, and knows the joys of motion without movement, without sound, without effort? ... The strange sense of being disembodied, of motionless suspension in mid-heaven, of solemn silence, makes a new environment for the heart of man." Thus did the rhapsodic Contessa Grace di Campello Della Spina describe her balloon voyage in 1907; one must bear in mind that the lady was on her honeymoon trip.

Balloon journeys were not always so serene. L.T.C. Rolt in *The Aeronautes: A History of Ballooning 1783-1903* (Walker and Company, \$5.95) promises "a tale of heroism and high endeavor, of bravura and folly, of tragedy, comedy, and, occasionally, sheer knockabout farce." The promise is fulfilled—with wit, gusto and the utmost clarity. The least technically minded reader in the world (me) soon becomes absorbed in the agonies and ecstasies of the extraordinary

men and women whose early discoveries made our Space Age possible. Balloon fanatics will find their enjoyment enhanced by the book's delicious illustrations.

Comedy abounds. The pioneering Montgolfier brothers in 1782 discovered that a balloon filled with hot air would rise. The burning of noxious substances was, they supposed, creating a mysterious floating "gas." They sent out urgent appeals for old shoes and pieces of decomposed meat, which they allowed to smolder in damp straw, producing a stench that quite overpowered King Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette when they tried to examine the new contraption. Roasting meat and stinking shoes notwithstanding, the brothers got a balloon into the air and down again.

Up, up, up went the brave pioneers (sometimes after a bit of hysterical swordplay to determine who was to have the privilege of ascending). With a pleasing gift for ironic characterization, the author parades them before our eyes: the cool-headed, heroic F. Pilâtre de Rozier, first man to take off in a free balloon; and Madame Thible, the first lady aeronaut, who rose to the skies "singing like a bird." There was the eccentric anatomist, Dr. John Sheldon (his collection of anatomical specimens included the em-

balmed corpse of his departed spouse), the vain and flamboyant Lunardi, an irresistible ladies' man, who took a pair of ears aloft hoping, thus, to soar through space; and the alcoholic Lieut. George Burcher Gale, R.N., whose last, fatal balloon ascent was made seated on a pony and in a severe state of intoxication.

Not only were the aeronauts the Glens and Gagarins of their day, they seem to have been the Beatles as well. The popular adulation had its dangers. True, public subscription covered the cost of inflating a large balloon—an expensive business once hydrogen was being widely used. But ballooning as a spectator sport was fraught with lengthy delays and disappointments. Imagine the anguished feelings of the wretched balloonist waiting for the countdown amidst the highly charged emotions of a crowd growing ever more restive as the hours went by. If he rose before the weather and the wind were right, or if he rose before his craft was properly inflated, he risked death by falling, by burning, or by explosion. But if he kept his furious fans hanging about too long he risked being first jered at for cowardice, then with having himself and his balloon brutally trampled underfoot.

Slowly techniques improved. The aeronautes



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IT'S HIGH TIME to think about Christmas. But shopping for some of your liveliest friends can be a breeze this year—just look up the **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** gift form in this magazine.

BOOKTALK

nauts learned the use of a ripcord to let the gas escape quickly after landing. Previously many had been dragged along on land or sea at terrifying speeds before the captive monster could be brought to heel. By the delicate manipulation of valves, ballast and air currents, they could exert some influence upon height and direction. Ballooning was developing from a zany hi-on-miss affair into a viable art. In 1785 Blanchard and Jeffries achieved the first aerial crossing of the English Channel. But even these experts very nearly landed in the sea. Losing height rapidly with no more ballast to jettison, they threw out every single thing they could think of, including their "trousers." Thus was the first overseas flight in history achieved.

They also earned with them a pocket of lemons: the world's first airmail. Mr. Roll's history of ballooning is laced with firsts: the first aerial fatality (if you discount Jeanes) when De Ruyter was tragically killed, the first air force (the French Corps of Aeronauts formed in 1794), the first use of aerial reconnaissance, during the Battle of Fleuss in 1794, the first airlift, from the Siege of Paris in 1870, the first scientific ascent to 30,000 feet, the discovery of the stratosphere in 1902. From the early 19th century onward, scientists as well as showmen were making regular balloon ascents, trying in earnest to remove ballooning from the atmosphere of gay and gaudy bathos that had always surrounded it. They perceived that the balloon was not merely a decorative toy or a war machine, but a serious instrument of research.

There were still insuperable problems in navigating and directing the free balloon, and many suggestions were put forward as to how its wayward flight could be tamed: even the idea of harnessing birds was seriously canvassed. But the first truly navigable balloon was the dirigible, which used the internal combustion engine. Gone in a flash was the silence, the purity and ecstasy of free flight. It seemed at first as though the day of the balloon was done. But in the 1890s there was a remarkable resurgence among a wealthy minority who saw free ballooning as a delightful, if costly, sport. Aero Clubs were formed all over Europe and the U.S., and challenge cups were instituted for the best individual performances.

What of the balloon today? It has proved itself an invaluable research tool for meteorology and astronomy, a worthy stepping-stone to the world of outer space. And ballooning as a sport still attracts a small and devoted band of enthusiasts, who find in their surrender to the whims of the air a serenity that approaches a mystical experience. Readers who care to savor vicariously some of these pleasures will find Mr. Roll's book an engaging chronicle of the heavenly adventure of ballooning.

—JANET GRAHAM

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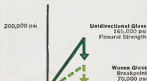
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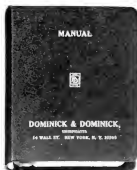
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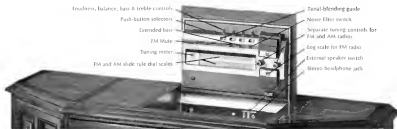
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SCORECARD

THE SHADOW

Kansas City beat San Diego last Sunday in a game that may well have decided the Western Division title in the AFL. They were two well-matched clubs, and the betting line probably would have shown Kansas City as a slight favorite—if you could have gotten a bet down. You couldn't. The bookmakers of America have banded together to protect themselves. As a result, there no longer are any lines for games involving Kansas City or, for that matter, Houston.

The bookies got alarmed following the Buffalo-Houston game on Sept. 25, which opened with Buffalo a 6-point favorite. Big money originating in the Midwest was bet on Buffalo minus the points. The spread shifted to 8, and the same bettors put more money on Houston plus the points. Buffalo won 27-20. It is estimated that the bettors made at least \$250,000 winning both ways. Then there was the Kansas City-Oakland game on Oct. 16. In this one the same bettors put their money on Oakland, a 13- or 14-point underdog. Oakland won 34-13. The Boston-Oakland game on Oct. 30 was the second "both ways" killing of the season. Boston opened as a 2-point favorite, and the big money invested heavily on it. The spread went to 3½ or 4. The same bettors then took Oakland with the points. Boston won 24-21.

"It was the first time Boston had been involved," says one prominent bookie. "Until this game, we've been concerned only with Kansas City, Denver, Oakland—and, of course, Houston. It makes you wonder how long we can handle anything big in this league."

The Midwest boys have won all 12 bets they've placed, but they're running out of places. More and more games are being taken off the board or "circled," which means a \$50 limit.

Admittedly, the bookies could be all wrong. The AFL says it is "continuously investigating (but sees) no reason to be alarmed at this point." Despite the league's sangfroid, the talk increases

as each week passes. It makes one fear that the supergame may be overshadowed by the superbet.

THE GROUP

When Cassius Clay fights Cleveland Williams in Houston on Nov. 14, it will be his first bout in six years without the Louisville Sponsoring Group. The contract between Clay and the Group—he called them "my 11 white millionaire managers"—ran out last month and by mutual consent was not renewed. The Group's passing from the sporting scene was little noted, but that was the way the Louisville gentlemen wanted it. They had got more attention than they cared for, especially after Clay's fealty to the Black Muslims became known and his draft status and gratuitous comments on Vietnam made the front page.

The Louisville Group was handsome and very well tailored and provided a welcome contrast at ringside, and for this alone will be missed. Clay will miss its indulgences. No longer will he be able to sport a chauffeur, a valet, a bodyguard, an assistant to the assistant trainer, three cooks and one brother—all of whom were on the Group's tab. Clay's new manager, Herbert Muhammad, the son of the Black Muslim leader, will take at least the same 40%; cut as the Group, but he is more concerned about profit and has less patience with Clay's ideas of the good life.

The Group's function was more than decorative, however. Its members forced the reluctant—and often disagreeable—champion to put 10% of his purses in a trust fund, and to the best of their ability they defended and protected Clay from an outraged public, as well as from himself. That they did so was exemplary, but not entirely out of a sense of duty. Almost to a man, the Group liked Clay; some even had great affection for him. They did not understand him, but through Clay's flashes of warmth they were able to perceive his appreciation and liking for them. Too, they were privy to Clay's

casual acts of thoughtfulness: rewarding, out of his own pocket, a particularly hard-working sparring partner, sending airline tickets and cash to an old neighbor, giving money to down-and-outers.

Despite Herbert's parsimony, Clay is still doing thoughtful, expensive things for others. At a cost to himself of some \$11,000, he is having the Williams fight televised into Tuskegee Institute, Florida A&M, Grambling College, Fisk University and the Great Lakes Naval Training Center hospital. The Negro colleges will charge \$1 admission to raise funds for their building programs.

During the most troubled moments of the enigmatic relationship between Clay and the Group, its members would confide their frustration and displeasure, and then invariably add: "Clay is a difficult young man, but a good person."

POW! BAM! SOCK! YEH! YEH!

As readers of the comics are well aware, Joe Palooka, the other heavyweight champion of the world, is finally defending his title after 10 years of antiquing in Norwalk, Conn., with his wife (SI, April 19, 1965). The challenger, King Abbo of Jyrobria, who seems to be a composite of the Shah of Iran and Pete Rademacher. The King already has beaten Joe in handball 21-14, 21-19, 21-12, 21-17, in tennis 6-2, 6-4, 4-6, 7-5 and in golf—Joe shot a 79 to Abbo's 71. Yeh! Yeh!

Although an amateur, the King has had a fight with Billy Kaprone, Joe's last opponent, and knocked him out—and Kaprone went 15 with Palooka! What's more—more than Joe's title is at stake. As Abbo has explained: "Jyrobria has remained neutral in the struggle between your country and Communism! However . . . if you accept my challenge . . . and you . . . I shall have gained a new respect for Americans! And Jyrobria and the United States will be friends!" Says President Johnson: "Tell Joe Palooka to fight him . . . and to win!"

Says Tony DiPreta, who draws the strip: "I feel like I'm really drawing Joe Palooka, not a guy wandering around not knowing what his place in the comics is. I'm doing Nov. 25 now, and they're in the fifth round. Joe's taking a beating and he hasn't been hurting the King at all. Abbo has a wicked left hook. From watching Joe's movies, the King has learned that when Joe gets set to throw his left hook, he drops his right—the opposite of what Schmeling saw

continued

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SCORECARD continued

with Louis. Joe doesn't know how come he's being clobbered, Joe's down? He's up at eight! . . ."

Some years ago the McNaught Syndicate, which edits and distributes the strip, forbade Joe to box because the sport was in such disrepute. DiPreta was asked if the Abbot fight was a sign of a new attitude in boxing. "No," he said, "we got a new editor. The old one was a woman."

GETTING TOUGH

A recent scandal in New Hampshire—in which 19 persons were suspended in connection with harness-race-fixing charges, —and investigations in Pennsylvania and New York have finally aroused trotting's bigwigs. A committee representing the U.S. Trotting Association and the Harness Tracks of America met in Harrisburg, Pa. last week and took a belated step toward setting up a tough, independent security organization.

During the decades that trotting has grown from a fairgrounds sport into a multimillion-dollar industry, rival factions hampered any move toward establishing a security force similar to the redoubtable Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau. The low-budget USTA security force was so inadequate that the tracks policed themselves and some couldn't find an elephant in the snow.

If, as seems likely, a nationwide organization is to be formed, the likely choice to head it is Joe Lynch, a former FBI man who is general manager of The Meadows, Del Miller's track outside Pittsburgh. Lynch is a dandy, and if he gets the free hand that Spencer Drayton—the ex-FBI man who heads the TRPB—gets, the better, as well as the horseman, will be better served.

THE GIRLS FROM THE INSTITUTE

LPGA tournaments have been sponsored by savings and loan associations (the Clayton Federal Invitational), beer (the Lady Carling Open), liquor (the Haig & Haig Scotch Mixed Foursomes), frozen custard (the Carvel Ladies' Open) and a secretarial service (the Kelly Girl Open). It is, therefore, not fair to say that the world is ill-prepared for the first annual Success Open, which takes place in Waco, Texas, Nov. 18-20. Success stands for the Success Motivation Institute, Inc., also of Waco, which calls itself "the nation's largest producer of recorded courses in personal moti-

vation and leadership development."

The heart of the SMI program is the Personal Success Planner, and the heart of the PSP is the Plan of Action, the chart "that Gives DIRECTION to your DREAMS, lays the TRACK to RUN ON, and MOTIVATES YOU TO ACTION!"

Along with \$10,000 in prize money, SMI is giving each entrant a PSP, which normally sells for \$350, and SMI says it "would not be surprised to get reports from various sections of the country that [the ladies are] settled down by their phonographs. . . ." Who's to say? But we, for one, can't imagine a more highly motivated group than professional lady golfers: if SMI succeeds (and we trust the Success Motivation Institute is not going to fail) in spurring the ladies on to even fiercer endeavors, what we need is asbestos golf courses.

MORNING LINE

Ladbrokes and Hill's of London are the two biggest racing bookmakers in the world. But which is bigger? And who cares? Ladbrokes and Hill's, evidently. Ladbrokes recently advertised that it has "undoubtedly the biggest turnover of any bookmaker," while Hill's claims to be "The World's Biggest Bookmakers."

When Ladbrokes boasted in print that it handled \$1,444,800 one week, Hill's offered to bet \$140,000 that no bookie could prove a bigger turnover than Hill's for the following week.

Replied Ladbrokes, declining the challenge: "If Hill's say their figures are higher than ours, why don't they come out and tell us what the figures are?" Retorted Hill's: "We do not feel it is in the interest of the bookmaking industry . . . to issue figures like this. But why don't Ladbrokes take us up if they are so sure they are bigger?" Ladbrokes countered by suggesting that an accountant examine the books of both firms. Rejoined Hill's: "Let them substantiate or climb down."

According to Joe Coral, yet another top London bookie, Hill's is the early favorite.

THEY SAID IT

• Jim Camp, George Washington football coach, on why he doesn't use a lonely end: "We train by a parkway, which runs beside a river. If we had a lonely end, he either would be hit by a car or drown."

• Joe Don Looney, Washington Redskins back, asked if he ever met a man he didn't like: "Yeah, Will Rogers." **END**

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YOU WATCH OUT, ALI!

Cassius Clay is the champion and will be the favorite when he meets Cleveland Williams for the heavyweight title Monday, but the Big Cat, in superb condition, is powerful, and his knockout record is awesome **by MARTIN KANE**

For a long time now, ever since he won the world heavyweight championship from Sonny Liston in one of prize-fighting's stranger battles—with both fighters trying to quit and only Liston succeeding—followers of boxing have been hoping to see Muhammad Ali, the former Cassius Clay, truly tested. The test would now seem to be in the offing. This Monday in Houston's huge Astrodome the largest crowd ever to attend a fight indoors will see Ali pitted against Cleveland Williams, the Big Cat from Yoakum, Texas. Williams is rightly considered to be the strongest puncher around. Everyone knows that Ali's speed of foot is sensational, that his reflexes are superb and that his punching is at least respectable, but no one yet knows whether he can take a punch well. Certainly he never has gone about the ring looking to be hit. The hardest blow to the head he ever has suffered was Henry Cooper's left hook in their first fight, and that put Ali down hard. He came back, however, to win by a knockout.

Cooper's lonesome hook is not to be compared in power to any blow that Cleveland Williams throws with either hand. For this reason alone, when Williams challenged Ali there were murmurs of dissent in Muhammad's tent. No one in his right mind ever really wants to fight Williams. ("He doesn't jab you," says Pinkie George, an oldtimer in prize-fighting. "He two-by-fours you.") He has, nevertheless, found 71 opponents, and 51 of them, including Ernie Terrell,

the World Boxing Association's pretender to the heavyweight throne, have been knocked out. That is a fearsome record, and owners of champions almost always have been reluctant to put their men in the same ring with such punchers.

But then, as the gleeful tale is told around Yoakum, Lou Viscusi—who once coined Williams' contract and has at least some minimal interest in this fight—played a typical Viscusi trump. During negotiations for the fight, he brought out a photograph of Williams taken not long after he had been shot through the belly by a Texas policeman. It showed an emaciated man of 158 pounds, looking rather more like a starved alley cat than the Big Cat.

"Is it true," asked Chris Dundee, chief negotiator for the Clay forces, "that one of his legs is thinner than the other?"

It was true at the time, and Viscusi nodded. ("Viscusi could talk the eyes out of a bullfrog," says Hugh Benbow, who bought Williams' contract from Viscusi and whose version of the title-fight bargain is being presented here. It has been said of Benbow that he will not tell a little Texas whopper when a big one will do. Well, as he says, "You have to have a pinch." On this principle, Benbow has risen from rural poverty to wealth, both as an independent oil operator and rancher.)

Despite the evidence of the photograph, no one in Muhammad Ali's camp wanted the fight. It was the cham-

pion himself who cast the deciding ballot.

"I want to fight him," he said. "If I don't I won't be able to say that I'm the champ. If I lose to him I'll quit the ring."

The strategy of the Williams camp in seeking the fight was based on an incident that occurred on a lonely Texas road one night just two years ago. A state highway patrolman caught Williams speeding and arrested him. Other details are confused in a welter of contradictory declarations. Anyway, the officer ordered Williams into the patrol car and set out in the direction of Houston. Williams went along quite willingly because, as he said at the time, his manager would bail him out in Houston. No sooner had he said it, the Williams story runs, than the officer turned the car toward Tomball, a town where Negroes are not especially favored. Williams opened the door of the slowly moving police car and started out. "Man, I don't want to go to Tomball," he said. The patrolman seized him by the wrist and Williams dragged him out of the car (the story goes). The officer drew his .357 magnum pistol, favored by Texas policemen because it is just about the most feared and effective handgun there is. Williams says he seized the weapon to deflect its aim from his body. The gun went off as it was pointing toward his left hip and slightly downward. The bullet plowed crosswise through his intestines and lodged against the right hip, where it remains even now. Williams collapsed on the

continued

Seemed down the middle, Challenger Williams is much more sanguine about his chances against Clay than a gunshot victim has a right to be.

ground, and eventually lost consciousness. He awoke with the impression that someone was "kicking and stomping" him. He lost consciousness once more.

He awoke again, in Houston's Ben Taub General Hospital, and there had the good luck to have an old friend, Dr. Don C. Quast, a surgeon, watch over him. Then began a series of four operations lasting seven months that Dr. Quast now looks back on in wonder. The bullet had done massive damage. In such cases body tissue that looks healthy to the surgeon's eye often deteriorates unpredictably after the wound is closed. Then there must be a new operation. In addition to the colon damage, Williams suffered a wounded right kidney and this was removed on June 22, 1965. That was the last of the operations, for it was decided that he had been through quite enough and the bullet might as well remain inside him. It had broken his right hip joint and had caused partial paralysis of some hip muscles. "It is a miracle," Dr. Quast says now, "that he is not an brace."

One of the factors that may have been responsible for saving his life, the doctor said, is that Williams' abdominal wall "is two to three times thicker than that of a normal person" and this had the effect of slowing the bullet.

"He almost died," Dr. Quast said. "His kidneys stopped working, and the products they take care of are very toxic."

In the end, though, the doctor advised Manager Benbow that Williams would be ready to start light training in 90 days. He began limbering up, in fact, in 60 days, displaying recuperative powers that astounded all hands.

"He is in better shape now than ever," Dr. Quast said. "We have been friends for years and he had his victories come too easily. He felt, therefore, that he didn't have to prepare for them. But for this fight, with so much at stake, he realized that he had to get out and work."

"The scar from the operation will never bother him. He is as strong there as in any other part of his body."

"God gave me this gift," Williams said softly one afternoon at Benbow's ranch, closing his massive left fist (he wears a size 13 glove) and regarding it in wonder. "It's got to be that God wanted me to fight and He wants me to fight again. I died three times on that operating table. If He didn't want me to fight He'd have let me stay dead,

because fighting's the only thing I know."

The shooting shocked Houston, where Williams' mannerly ways are favored. On his return to the ring last February, against Ben Black, he was given a 10-minute ovation that began when he walked down the aisle and did not end until he appealed to the crowd by raising a finger to his lips. It was, wrote John Hollis of *The Houston Post*, "the greatest single ovation ever paid one man in Houston athletics." Then he knocked out Black in the first round.

Williams started boxing professionally in Georgia when he was 14.

"I got away with it," he explained, "because I weighed 182 pounds then and looked old enough. I had six pro fights, won four of them by knockouts, and I lost one and drew one. But then the boxing commissioner found out my age and I was barred until I was 18."

Reading *The Ring* magazine, he decided that Lou Viscusi was "a very smart manager"—which is a shrewd estimate of the situation—and made his way to Tampa, where Viscusi was then operating. He telephoned Viscusi's home, but the manager was out and Mrs. Viscusi answered. "I'm Mr. Viscusi's new fighter," he introduced himself, and Mrs. Viscusi found him a room. The manager turned him over to Trainer Bill Gore, and Williams' career-of-record began. That was in December 1951 and by the end of 1952 he had won all his 21 bouts, 20 of them by knockouts.

Where did he develop this extraordinary punching ability?

"I went to work in a pulpwood mill when I was 13," he said. "We used to have some fights, and I developed a hook of my own. I called it my pulpwood punch. It's in between a hook and an uppercut. Now I've got my boat punch. That's a short right."

The boat punch is so named because Benbow owns a 17-foot boat with a 100-hp motor, and Williams covets it.

"I paid \$4,200 for it," the manager told him. "Knock out Clay and it's yours." When Benbow obtained Williams' contract he decided to sharpen his charge's punching and footwork. That is hard to do for a fighter who is now 33 and has been boxing for 19 years. Whether the effect has been successful remains to be seen, but Benbow most certainly knows a thing or two about boxing. As a young man he holed his way to New York to take a

prelaw course at Columbia University (the later shifted to the School of Business) and helped pay his way by coaching the College of the City of New York boxing team. He attracted the attention of the great Benny Leonard, who schooled him in the basics of the art.

"All Williams had when I took him over," says Benbow, "was a left hook, and he got by on that. He had no jab and no right. So I had him jab at the heavy bag for hours at a time."

As hefty a man who has made and lost fortunes, Benbow regards himself as a manipulator of events. He is especially proud of the way the Ali camp was maneuvered into taking the fight.

"You should have seen Clay when he came to Houston to sign for the fight on television," Benbow said. "He looked at Williams and he turned ash white. He was depressed. He held his head down for two hours. He knew he'd been tricked. He looked like he'd just been told he was going in the Army."

"And not only that, but I won hands down in the talking contest. I can out-talk Clay anytime."

He probably can. Benbow is a flashy figure in a field which seldom is drab. Currently under indictment for walking off with oil-well maps that did not belong to him, he is also being sued by Shell Oil Co., for the same reason, for \$400,000. His style of dress ranges from cowboy boots and khaki pants to sharp blue suit and alligator shoes. Whenever he drives, a .38 revolver is on the seat beside him and if he should forget it his Mexican daughter-in-law chases him out to the car calling, "Haven't you forgotten something?"

"I've been shot six times," Benbow explains, displaying a couple of scars on his left arm.

He has set up a huge boxing gymnasium on a section of his ranch and is building a dormitory and cafeteria to house and feed two score heavyweights, or maybe 50, he wants to train. They will work in a shop where he plans to turn out "the finest television and radio cabinets in the world."

"It'll be a cooperative deal," he said. "They'll work in the cabinet shop, and after hours I'll teach them to box. They'll make a good living, learn a trade, eat the finest foods money can buy and have the best boxing instruction they can get anywhere. I've advertised for these boys in *The Rug* and I've had applications

from all over the world. There's a fella from Tonga in the South Seas, others from the Ivory Coast, Great Britain, Germany, Alaska, Japan and China.

"I've had 50,000 applications from those ads." Which must make *The Ring*, circulation 123,000, the greatest advertising medium ever devised, or Benbow the greatest copywriter.

Both Benbow and Williams will share a remarkable income from the fight. They are to get 20% of the live gate gross in the Astrodome, which can seat 66,000 for boxing. A full house would bring in \$1.25 million, but Promoter Earl Gellert's most optimistic prediction, at a \$50 price for ringside seats, is a crowd of 50,000. In addition, Williams and Benbow's share of radio rights, movie rights, national closed-circuit television and international television broadcast by Telstar will be 14%. It should add up to a respectable sum.

"Naturally," Benbow said, "taxes will take most of it, and I've pointed this out to Williams so he won't just relax. If he wants to be rich he has to own the title. He understands that."

The Williams-Benbow fight plan has been tried before against the elusive Ali. It is called "cutting the ring" and means that an effort will be made to force the champion away from the center of the ring and against the ropes or into a corner. As a matter of fact, this is the only tactic Williams knows. He always advances on an opponent, almost never retreats. One of his sparring partners has been the very evasive Ben Black, who does a remarkable, if glumish, imitation of Ali's style, and Williams has not been too effective against him. But it is unfair to judge a fighter on his performance in training, as Ingemar Johansson once explained to Floyd Patterson with a straight right hand.

"If he runs," says Williams, "it's going to be a long one. If he fights, then I'm going to knock him out."

He may be right. In 15 rounds Williams must surely find one clear shot at Ali's jaw. The prefight odds ranged as high as 5 to 1 in the champion's favor. On Williams' record that must be considered an overlay, especially in view of the fact that Ali never has shown a talent or taste for the game of infighting. Williams, who is correctly the underdog, would nevertheless seem to be likelier to succeed than any of Ali's previous opponents.

END



Clay, unusually quiet and pensive, was depressed when he learned Williams' true size.

A BULLDOG ANSWER TO AN S O S

Steven Orr Spurrier, college football's best passer, had rescued Florida time and again, but Saturday he was no match for ferocious Georgia, which found the way to squelch his winning throws **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

Once upon a time there was a preacher's boy, sandy-haired and blue-eyed and trim, whose initials were S.O.S. Steven Orr Spurrier could pass, run and kick three ways. He could think on the fly. He could come to the rescue, always in the nick of time. He was so nonchalant, so immune to the pressures that he often fell asleep on the bus ride to the game on Saturday. There was some question of his birthplace, whether it was Johnson City, Tenn., where he grew up, or High Springs, Fla., where his father ministers to the Presbyterians, or Miami Beach, which is on his birth certificate, but one collector of press-box memorabilia said it was none of these, that he was actually born in a manger.

University of Florida football fans do not count this a sacrifice because they knew from the beginning that old S.O.S. was born to give their sportswriters a release from years of pent-up cleverness. The writers called him Super Steve and Batgator and Goldfinger, but when he went out to play football—ah, boy, that was when they really let go. One wrote that Spurrier with his hands tied behind him and his face to the wall would be a two-point favorite at his own execution.

Spurrier did so many wonderful things so many wonderful ways that Florida won its first seven games this season. Florida fans, who are best described as long suffering, had to go back 38 years to remember when the Gators had done that before. The Gators were also nationally ranked (they have never gone undefeated or finished in the top 10 in the wire-service polls), and were on the verge of their first Southeastern Conference championship. Florida people who used to say "wait till next year" were now saying "wait till the fourth quarter," and "let me check your pulse,

Harry, because here comes Spurrier bringing the Gators downfield again." When S.O.S. kicked a 40-yard field goal in the last minutes to beat Auburn two weeks ago, one of them wanted to stop the game and award Spurrier the Herman Trophy on the spot.

Last week in Jacksonville's Gator Bowl, which bulged with 62,800 people, Steve Spurrier went to his execution. He was favored, all right, by five points, but he was executed nevertheless. Trailing 10-3 at the half, and looking reasonably tranquil, the University of Georgia Bulldogs came to some logical conclusions about stopping a superquarterback like Spurrier: 1) a superquarterback cannot throw from the prone or sitting position and 2) he cannot do anything at all without the football.

As conclusions go, there was nothing unusual about these or the way Georgia went about researching them. The Bulldogs, in three-deep coverage, had Safety Man Lynn Hughes keying on the Florida tight end, fudging a little bit in his direction, the halfbacks played Florida's wide receivers as close to their chain straps as they dared and the ends helped out on wide coverage. The tackles looped in to contain and harass, the linebackers stunted and slashed through the creases to demoralize and perhaps abrogate and all was done in a variety of patterns to disguise the well-conceived plots of good plotters like Georgia Coach Vince Dooley.

The results were unusual, though. Tackles George Patton, who is an All-America, and Bill Stanfill, who should be, forced Spurrier to rush his throws and, along with the linebackers, leaned on him whenever they could. The deep men were like dogs yapping at the heels of Florida's usually excellent receivers, and the most intrepid Bulldog of them

all, Lynn Hughes, intercepted two of Spurrier's passes right out of the hands of Tight End Jack Coons. One he returned 39 yards for Georgia's winning touchdown. After seven games and three quarters and five minutes, Florida's impetus did not just flag, it disappeared entirely.

Dooley, meanwhile, told Georgia's quarterbacks to quit trying to do things they could not do—like pass—and let such big old country-boy fullbacks as Ronnie Jenkins wham away at Florida's middle, which happens to be vulnerable because 158-pound linebackers like Jack Card cannot keep turning back 250-pound tackles forever. Everything powerfully simple and to the point: plunges, dives, counters and—just to keep the fans from thinking Georgia dull—an occasional pitchout. Of then 47 plays in the second half, the Bulldogs threw only one pass, and they controlled the ball as if playing the game alone.

In the third quarter, Florida got off only 13 plays, excluding punts, in the fourth, only 11, and in those final 15 minutes when Georgia broke the 10-10 tie and went on to win, 27-10, Florida had the ball for all of three and a half minutes. Flustered, Florida made one first down in the second half, gained five yards rushing, 29 yards passing. The three passes that Georgia intercepted were more than Spurrier had allowed in the seven previous games. For the first time he did not pass for a touchdown. His passing yardage (133) was almost 100 yards below his average.

But when he came out of the Florida dressing room after the game, through

continued

Georgia's George Patton (78) and Doc Hayes swarm over beleaguered Spurrier



that vale of undergraduate tears into the dwindling sunlight, hands reached out for him and people begging for his autograph hemmed him in, and Jerri, his wife of two months, blonde, blue-eyed and tear-stained, still could not understand it. "Don't they realize how bad he feels? Why do they want his autograph now anyway?" It will come to Jerri at due time that the reason is elementary: that one game does not separate Spurrier from his greatness, that even Unitas does not always make all the ends meet, and that the puckish young man with the bowlegs and slouchy, listing walk and the one-sided smile she married is the

best college quarterback in the country and therefore fair game.

And, though they have been congratulating each other all the time about having someone like Spurrier to cheer about, it is only their provincial skepticism that keeps Florida fans believing there really is a Midwestern Bloc that will vote for some unworthy and keep southern boy Spurrier from winning the Heisman Trophy they think he deserves.

Shug Jordan, the Auburn coach, cannot, with his down-Alabama accent, quite pronounce Spurrier. He calls him Superior. He says that when you think about preparing for Florida, you begin

with Superior and you end with Superior. LSU's Charley McClendon said after Spurrier had beaten his team for the third straight year that "people will say we should have changed our defenses for him. Well, I'll tell you, he likes every defense there is."

It is no use to quote professional scouts on Spurrier when they talk of him because they all tend to gush. Spurrier's own coach, Ray Graves, gets positively dreamy-eyed on the subject. Florida State Coach Bill Peterson says Spurrier is the greatest quarterback in the history of college football. June McGowan, wife of Florida Assistant Coach Bubba

continued

The usually ebullient Spurrier is downcast on the field. His wife of two months, Jerri, fretful in the stands as the game turns against the Gators







McGowan, says that Peterson would not be so conservative if he had to watch Spurrier's hairy finishes every week for three years. Eight times S.O.S. has brought Florida from behind in the fourth quarter.

Names like Bratkowski, Trippi, Srikewich, Namath, Panili, Conerly and Tarkenton preceded Spurrier into the Southeastern Conference record book, but he has wiped out practically every record they set. At present he leads the country in number of completions and completion percentage. He has punted for a 41-year average, has place-kicked three field goals (in six attempts) and if you put up a steak dinner he will drop-kick the ball through the goalposts from 40 yards away—and from the sideline, too.

But do not muddle your head with endless figures, says Florida's offensive coach, Ed Kensler. Come a little closer and watch Spurrier think. See him pick up that secondary receiver, or the third or fourth one, check off with brilliance at the line of scrimmage; make up plays in the huddle; underthrow a receiver to shut off the defensive back but still give his receiver a shot at the ball.

Florida coaches sit by the hour in projection rooms, cluck-clucking over the past chapters of the perils of S.O.S. "Too much. Old Orr is just too much," Kensler said while watching one brilliant play last week.

Too much is something Spurrier might not get now that the American and National football leagues have merged and all but eliminated big-bones competitive bidding for college draft choices. It is a nonsecret that Spurrier was part of the fine print of the merger, that he has been promised—as the first quarterback likely to go in the draft—to the New York Giants, whose fans are already dropping him encouraging notes about coming to their rescue. And just the other day there was Giant Coach Althe Sherman himself, cluck-clucking along with the others in the Florida projection room in Gainesville and making vague explanations of his presence. Sherman has tickets to Florida's last two games.

It has been estimated, perhaps inflatedly, that Spurrier would have gotten a million dollars in an AFL-NFL bidding contest. He shrugs it off. If it cost him, say, \$500,000, which is the figure he

uses, "I never had it so how can I miss it?" He does say, however, that he will get all he thinks he is worth, and Bill O'Neal, a Gainesville lawyer who has acted as legal spokesman for Florida football players, believes negotiations will begin at \$200,000. O'Neal does not expect trouble, he says, but if Spurrier does not get his due O'Neal will advise him to wait and see. Antitrust action? Perish the thought. After all, Wellington Mara wouldn't want people around New York saying the quarterback he bought cost less than the Jets paid for that other fellow, would he?

Spurrier is not a perfect specimen, of course. His passes are not all spirals, and his moves are not always deft. Once, when he tried to run off to Folkston, Ga. to marry Jerri Starr, he made a series of tricky turns and wound up in Kingsland. Jerri was suspicious. As a fraternity big sister, she used to monitor Steve's date book and when asked what else he played besides sports, she said, "Around." But they found they could get married just as fast in Kingsland. Things just naturally turn out right for S.O.S.

Everybody at Florida is now tickled with Spurrier the husband, except maybe Jerri the wife, when he pops in with live teammates for supper, or even when he does not pop in at all because he has to eat filet mignon with mushroom sauce at the training table. His coaches talk of the settling qualities of married life, and his teammates tell of his regaining their devotion since marrying and realizing that football wasn't all fun after all.

Florida is an outstanding school with a curriculum and scholastic standing second only to Vanderbilt in the SEC. But though it is 60 miles inland from the distracting Atlantic beaches and too tough to take lightly, it has had a history of fine-looking athletes who had excellent attendance records at the parties along fraternity row, and who were leaders in the co-educational togetherness of Beta Woods, that carefully maintained, discreetly policed parking lot at the west end of the campus.

This is not saying that football was taken lightly, but prior to the coming of Ray Graves in 1960 all the seriousness in the world and all the fun of the football weekends (the Florida-Georgia game used to be called the world's largest outdoor cocktail party) could not make Florida fans happy with their lot. Bob

Woodruff, whom Graves succeeded, built a good athletic program—he is now athletic director at Tennessee—and won more football games than he lost, but he lost unspectacularly and the big games regularly. To compound his ills he was, by self-description, "the oratorical equivalent of a blocked punt."

Graves played for the conservative General Neyland at Tennessee and coached under the conservative Bobby Dodd at Georgia Tech, but when he went to Florida he promised, "We will not be dull." The first Florida play from scrimmage that year was a forward pass. Incomplete. The fans loved it. But better than that, that very first year his team won more games—nine—than any in Florida history, and the biggest of all was an 18-17 upset of Georgia Tech that was achieved when Graves ordered a two-point conversion after a last-minute touchdown. Dodd told Graves later, "You sure didn't learn that from me."

Since 1960, Florida has had three bowl teams and only one losing season, and twice finished second (but still never first) in the tough SEC. Ironically, this team that Graves has to go with the exceptionally talented Spurrier is not as good as some of those in the past. He is strong up the middle with Center Bill Carr—another preacher's son—Spurrier and Running Back Larry Smith, whose mother comes to the games in mink and calls down to the sidelines to have Larry please pull up his pants because they are too low. Do not be deceived. Smith is probably the toughest running back in the conference. Spurrier also has a good receiver in Richard Trapp, called "Killer" for his skinny body and multiple allergies. But other places are manned by people who simply believe in Spurrier. They are not, as Georgia proved last week, enough to complement even an extraordinary player as Spurrier, who is, among other things, one of the loosest performers to come along in years—too loose, according to Jerri Spurrier. She arrived for a game in New Orleans five and a half hours late one night and found S.O.S. sound asleep. "Oh, I knew you'd make it," he said, smiling dreamily.

"It will take 13 men at the very least to stop Spurrier," Dooley said before the game. Georgia, which is now tied with Alabama for the SEC lead and very likely will end the season that way, played as though it had 13 men on the field. At least.

END

The Bulldogs' big fullback, Ronnie Jenkins, crosses over the goal line to tie the score.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES COARE

THE VIKINGS HEAT UP THE WAR

The biggest surprise on a day of upsets came when Fran Tarkenton and his Minnesota raiders plundered the Packers. As expected, the Colts routed Washington, to bring Baltimore within half a game of Green Bay in the blazing West

Someday, when all their potential stars fulfill themselves and all the annual preseason hopes work out for them, the Minnesota Vikings will win a football championship. That day won't come this year, because the club already has lost four games and tied one, it may not come for quite a while, because the Vikings have a frustrating habit of dropping important games just when they

seem to be at their best. But when it does come, it isn't likely that the players will be any more jubilant than they were last Sunday night after their 20-17 upset of the Green Bay Packers.

In one of the biggest and best games of any year the Vikings threw the NFL's Western race back into its customary state of confusion. If anyone thought there would be a Packer runaway, he

was wrong. With the Baltimore Colts' emphatic 37-10 defeat of the Washington Redskins, the Colts and Packers were virtually tied. Leading by only half a game, the Packers have a bye this Sunday while the Colts drive the winless Atlanta Falcons, and what is a tie in speculation now should be that an fact by sundown Sunday. The Dec. 10 showdown between the Packers and Colts be-

Architect of the upset, Minnesota Coach Norm Van Brocklin drills the Vikings in north country cold as his prize quarterback, Fran Tarkenton.



comes, in prospect, the game of the year.

Sunday's desperate battle was the upset of upsets on a day in which the bizarre was ordinary, as Dallas fell before Philadelphia, Cleveland succumbed to Pittsburgh, St. Louis squeezed past the mvalds of New York by only three points and, in the AFL, the Denver Broncos—glue-factory nags so far this season—defeated Boston, the Eastern leader, with a touchdown pass in the last two seconds of a rainwashed debacle.

But to none of the winners was victory sweeter than to the Vikings. In the locker room afterward, Lonnie Warwick, the middle linebacker, played a triumphant flourish on his wooden duck-calling horn, as the others cheered. Carl Eller and Jim Marshall, the defensive ends, kept slapping one another on the back and yelling about the "new" Viking

defense. "It's pride," said Marshall, the defensive captain. "It's a brand new feeling of pride. We know we can win now, and we're just going to keep proving it."

"The team has jelled," said Fran Tarkenton, who performed sensationally for the fourth straight game at quarterback. "I think we're playing the best football of any Viking team ever."

"We've arrived," Norm Van Brocklin beamed. "This was by far my biggest win as a coach. Now we've shown that we can play with the big kids." The Packers, the biggest kids of all, had defeated them in nine of 10 meetings since the Minnesota club was formed. And the champions were beaten with the very weapons that Vince Lombardi himself has always employed. The Vikings controlled the ball, they blocked brilliantly and they made the big play whenever they had to.

You remember the old Vikings—the scrambling, high-scoring, exciting Vikings, who seemed to win or lose all their games by scores like 42-41, the unpredictable club that employed few fundamentals and almost no defense, the perennial spoilers, who invariably made enough mistakes to keep them from contending for the title.

Well, a lot has happened to that old team. Van Brocklin, who quit in a rage for 24 hours when his players failed him last year, now takes his four-defeat record philosophically and claims, "We can still have a hell of a good year." The defense, described by the coach as "a punching bag for the last five years," is now a tough and effective unit. The offensive line, which originally let all those rushers through so Tarkenton could gain his reputation as a scrambler, was strong enough Sunday to master even the fearsome defenders of Green Bay.

Only Tarkenton himself has not changed his style. He's still scrambling out of the pocket, running for yardage or finding receivers at the last moment—and he's doing it better than ever. During the first four games this year—three losses and a tie—Tarkenton had trouble. "I wasn't throwing away games," he said. "I didn't feel the losses were all my fault. But I just wasn't doing enough for the team—didn't make enough positive contributions. So I decided to take more chances and do more scrambling."

Since he made that decision, Tarkenton has completed better than 70% of his passes for an even 1,000 yards, and

he's run for 142 more yards. His statistics Sunday were not his best of the year—16 completions in 26 tries for 164 yards—but it may well have been his finest game. The Vikings were not making large gains, and they were often faced with third-down situations on which they had to get important yards or lose the ball. Nineteen times this big third-down play came up for the Vikings, and 14 times they made it.

"That's the whole game of football," Tarkenton said. "I know we have to make those plays to win. I figure, it doesn't matter if you lose a few yards, because you're going to have to give up the ball anyway. So there's no point being cautious. You might as well try anything you can. I guess that's why I seem to do most of my scrambling on third down." As he scrambled, Tarkenton found Preston Carpenter and Red Phillips in the open for several key gains. He also found room to run. He passed or ran the ball on seven of the Vikings' 14 third-down successes and called the right running plays for the other seven.

This kind of ball control became most important in the third period. With the game tied at 10-10, the Packers took the second-half kickoff and staged a typical Green Bay drive. In seven minutes and 35 seconds they ran 15 plays and moved 86 yards to score, and they appeared ready to take charge.

But Minnesota—that old go-for-the-bomb, hope-for-the-best, scrambling team—came right back and matched the Packer offensive. They took 17 plays and seven and a half minutes before they settled for a field goal that kept them in contention. Now it was up to the defense. Another time-consuming, demoralizing Packer push would put the game out of reach.

Warwick, who came off the bench to replace the retired Rip Hawkins this season, raced into the defensive huddle and started yelling. "Listen, you guys, the offense is doing its job for us. Are we going to let them down and blow this game? Let's tee off on them now."

On third down with three to go, Left Linebacker Roy Winston crashed through and stopped Jim Taylor for a loss—one of very few he suffered—and the Packers had to punt for the first time. The offense, sparked by an extraordinary 38-yard broken-play pass from Tarkenton to Red Phillips, again did its job.

continued

warwick has turned to him up for the Packers



and five minutes later Minnesota had the lead 20-17.

But eight minutes remained, plenty of time for another long Packer drive. Starting from his own 20, Bart Starr calmly handed the ball to Eliph Pitts, who had gained consistently throughout the game and figured to get the Packers rolling again. Gary Larsen and Warwick stopped Pitts dead. Starr dropped back to pass—something he had been able to do with little trouble earlier. Marshall rushed him so hard he missed an easy screen pass to Taylor. On third down Starr faded again—and Eller and Paul Dickson smothered him. "It wasn't a matter of finding a way to rush around or inside the blockers," said Eller. "It was a matter of overpowering them—of giving 200% instead of just 100%. And when we had to do it, we did it. That's all there was to it."

So ended the last Packer hope for a sustained offensive. Starr got two more opportunities, but time was running out and he was forced to try long passes. The Viking rushers never gave him a chance to get set. "We've been pretty proud of our defense this year," said

Eller. "But today the offense made us look like Little Leaguers. We were glad we finally got a chance to do our part."

The offense succeeded with the same kind of simple power that Eller was talking about. The blockers didn't trick or outmaneuver the mighty Packers. They just outplayed them. "We used a lot of option running plays," explained Guard Milt Sunde. "That means that we just fire out and try to move the defensive line-man back. Then it's up to the backs to find the holes." The fact that the holes were there at all is pretty remarkable. Sunde "fired out" into the wily Henry Jordan. Jim Vellone, a rookie starting his second pro game, charged into Ron Kostelnik—and moved him. Another rookie, Doug Davis, kept Willie Davis out of the Viking backfield.

Fullback Bill Brown did most of the running. Tommy Mason, usually the most explosive Viking rusher, was ineffective and left the game when he re-injured his bad knee in the third period. But Dave Osborn, a seldom-used second-year man from North Dakota, came in to make several important gains. "That's another thing about this team now,"

said Van Brocklin. "For the first time, we have depth. When we lose a starter we don't have to panic. It's a good feeling."

For a team with a 3-4-1 record, the Vikings are feeling very good indeed. They've beaten the best, and now they all agree with Assistant Coach Jim Cofer's pregame prediction that "we'll win all the rest. An eight-game streak would be perfect—just like that streak we had on the Eagles in 1960." In 1960, with Norm Van Brocklin at quarterback and Jim Cofer in the defensive backfield, the Eagles won the NFL title. That goal is out of reach for Minnesota now, but the mood is similar. "It's not any phony esprit de corps," said Van Brocklin. "It's genuine leadership. Jim Marshall describes it right—it's real pride."

—PIRE ANTHELM

The Baltimore Colts were running up a score on the Washington Redskins, and as the sun dropped behind the west wall of Memorial Stadium a roar started to swell through the stands. For the first time this crisp Sunday afternoon the sun's glare was off the scoreboard and the Baltimore fans were able to decipher the news—and what they were reading would eventually be the story of the day in Baltimore, too.

It was already an afternoon of upsets in the Eastern division of the NFL, and now the people in Baltimore were hoping for a whopper in the West. The game between the Vikings and the Packers had just started, however, and there was no Green Bay score on the big board when the Colts left the field with their easy victory. But even as that hoped-for upset was in the making, the Colts in their dressing room were a strangely impassive and quiet crew. Almost as if they were afraid of jinxing the Vikings, they ignored a television set tuned to that game. Most of the players dressed and drifted off to meet their wives or friends.

Three of the Colts remained in the clubhouse. Johnny Unitas, who threw for 342 yards and three touchdowns, was on the trainer's table getting his throwing arm thoroughly massaged. Raymond Berry, who caught 10 passes and scored two touchdowns, stood in front of his locker, hands folded, and spoke quietly to newsmen Jimmy Orr, who caught five passes and scored one touchdown, walked around placidly smoking a cigar. The rest of the country

continued



In the Washington game a touchdown pass by Unitas homes in on Raymond Berry's chest.

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might be throbbing to the televised encounter in Green Bay, but the Colts were keeping their cool.

And so they had all afternoon. They won very typically, with Unitas throwing touchdown passes and a strong defense harassing the Redskin runners, particularly former Colt Joe Don Looney and Quarterback Sonny Jurgensen. The Colt defense, which blitzed rarely, kept Jurgensen either on his back or off balance most of the afternoon with a furious pass rush, while the Colt offensive line protected Unitas so well that not once was he touched by a Washington defender.

"We usually like to blitz quarterbacks who get shook all the time," said Dennis Gauthatz, the middle linebacker who runs the Colt defense, "and Jurgensen does get shook. But we had such a great pass rush up front that we didn't have to blitz." With plenty of time to locate Berry and Orr, Unitas found them early and often. In the first quarter, both receivers had reported just how they thought they could beat the single coverage that the Redskins had assigned to them, and Johnny responded to their cues. Jim Shorter, who was covering—or was supposed to cover—Berry, intercepted Unitas' second pass of the game when he left Berry to double-team John Mackey down deep, but the interception taught Berry how he could beat Shorter. "He took away my deep patterns," said Berry, "but he gave me everything short." Thereafter Berry caught nine short passes—seven of them on sideline patterns and two on look-ins. "I wish he'd quit tomorrow," said Shorter after the game. "Every time I thought I had him covered he'd cut inside or outside, and then he'd have the ball. He always had the ball, didn't he? He's just the best, that's all I can say."

Orr, though, had a different strategy after his first few encounters with Lonnue Sanders. "Every team we've played this year has given me eight or 10 steps at scrimmage, and with my speed I couldn't go deep," said Orr. "The 'Skins played me only six or seven steps, however, so I told Unitas that I thought I could beat them long." Orr twice beat Sanders on deep passes, although he actually had to retreat to catch the ball each time. "I guess people think I'm really fast now," said Orr.

Fast enough, perhaps, to interest the Packers on Dec. 10.

—MARK MULVOY

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For 14 years, before he quit as a player, Bernie Geoffrion was one of those who helped make the Canadiens the top team in hockey. Now he's back, hoping to give his best for the worst *by PETE AXTHELM*

ONE MORE BOOM OR BUST FOR THE BOOMER

You're young." Coach Emile Francis told his perennially flagging Rangers after a lackluster practice session a few weeks ago. "Most of you have wives and kids to support. You haven't got much time in this game, you know. You'd better make up your minds that you're going to go all-out now and make your money while you still can. I hope you understand that."

Bernard (Boom Boom) Geoffrion, who was standing near the back of the group with his dark eyes fixed on the ice, understood very well. But not because he was young. He had heard it all many times before, and he knew all about the supposedly fleeting nature of a hockey career. A 35-year-old veteran of 14 seasons with the Montreal Canadiens, he had scored more goals than all but four players in the history of the game, and he was now a rookie on the lowest club in the National Hockey League.

Two years ago Boom Boom figured he had gone as far as he could go as a hockey player, and he decided to quit while he was still near the top. Then things began to go wrong. His plans for a coaching career didn't work out, and

businesses outside hockey didn't appeal to him. A few months ago Geoffrion let it be known that he might consider making a comeback as a player. The Rangers, who need all the help they can get, eagerly paid the \$30,000 waiver price and \$25,000-a-year salary it took to get Geoffrion. So this fall the former Montreal hero was at the New York club's Kingston, Ont. training camp, battling young kids for the puck and trying to find out just how much of his ability is still there.

Many players have found hockey a very hard game to quit. Some retire and then change their minds; others just go on, afraid even to mention retirement, trying to steal a few extra years with aging legs and remembered skills. A few old players have enjoyed the kind of success Geoffrion is hoping for. Gordie Howe may not be the skater he once was, but at 38 he is still a genuine superstar. Ted Lindsay, Gordie's old teammate, returned to the Detroit ice at 39, after four years away from hockey, and helped carry the Red Wings to a championship. Allan Stanley at 40 is an enduring mainstay of the Toronto defense, and ageless (some say 46) Johnny Bower





TEAM TRIOS

remains one of the game's top goalies.

Others have been less fortunate, unable to keep up the pace yet unable to quit the game. Doug Harvey, once the greatest defenseman ever to play in the NHL, now slides grimly through the minor leagues at 41, plagued by money problems and doubts but unwilling to attempt some other career.

Geoffrion, who is neither as broke as Harvey nor as remarkably skilled as Gordie Howe, was never comfortable away from hockey. He once invested in a restaurant-motel-nightclub operation, but he soon sold out (with a modest profit) and looked for a spot in the only business he really knows or likes.

"I guess a lot of players have found out the same things," he said recently, in the deep voice that led him to consider a career as a singer until Boston Defenseman Leo Boivin damaged his vocal cords with a cross-check to the throat in 1962. "You get tired of all the traveling, and you think you'll be happy away from the game. Then you stay home awhile, and you miss it. Anyway, I had to find some job, didn't I?"

Geoffrion was happy for a while as coach of the Quebec Aces in the American Hockey League and would have remained in that job if he had been given a choice. He wasn't. "My teams led the league for two years," he said. "But we lost the league playoffs, and the attendance wasn't good. One day last spring I walked into the office and they said, 'If someone offers you a job, better take it.' I know the press releases said I resigned. But I'll tell you I was fired. I would have liked to find another coaching job, but there were none around that looked good."

The job that always looked best to Geoffrion was that held, apparently in perpetuity, by Coach Toe Blake of Montreal. "But I guess Blake feels the same way about hockey as a lot of the players," says Boom Boom. "He doesn't want to quit." The best the Canadiens could offer was a job coaching one of their junior teams. "I thought they would give me a shot at something better than that,"

continued

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ONE MORE BOOM

he said "I've done a lot for them over the years. But I'm a professional, and I've got to face whatever happens. It was hard for me to leave Montreal, where I lived all my life. But I'll just forget it."

He might have forgotten his grievances more quickly in Toronto, where the Maple Leafs are consistent winners and where Coach Punch Imlach made it clear that Geoffrion would be welcome as a player. But under the NHL's waiver system the Rangers had first call.

"I told Francis that I had a bad back, a bad shoulder and a bad knee," said Geoffrion. "And I told him," said Francis, "that, no matter what he had, he wouldn't get past us in the waivers." So Geoffrion, whose mighty shots helped Montreal to seven first-place finishes and six Stanley Cups in 14 years, joined a team that has struggled into the playoffs only four times in the last 16 years. He moved his family from their house in Montreal, where hockey players are idolized, into an apartment in Glen Oaks, Queens, where most of the shoppers in the local supermarket think playing hockey means staying home from school.

To the Rangers, a team of chronic losers, Boom Boom brought a new and revolutionary point of view. "This club can win," he announced as soon as he arrived at Kingston. "It has good young

players, but they don't believe in themselves. In Montreal in the old days we used to be amazed by the Rangers. They would beat themselves before they stepped on the ice. They went into a game expecting to lose. We've got to change that. If we just believe in ourselves, we can make the playoffs this year."

On the first day of camp, Geoffrion approached Vic Hadfield, the big blond forward, in the Kingston locker room. "How many goals did you score last year?" he asked. Hadfield, a fighter on the ice but a good-natured comic off it, is one of the most popular Rangers. Vic said he had scored 16. "Sixteen!" roared Geoffrion, his eyes flashing around at the other players. "You're big and strong and you're 26 years old, and you still only score 16 goals? You should score 30. What are you doing, dogging it?" The remark, with its stream of French-Canadian oaths, was not lost on the rest of the Rangers. "They need the needle," Geoffrion said later. "I want to make them fight me, fight each other, and mostly fight those other guys who are trying to get the money that we should be getting."

Geoffrion has been known to respond dramatically to needling. Jacques Plante, the brilliantly eccentric Canadian goalie who himself wound up as a Ranger,

continued



VIC HADFIELD TICKLES A NEW TEAMMATE IN A RANGER LOCKER-ROOM ROUGHHOUSE



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discovered this when he told a reporter that his aging former teammate had slowed down and lost his powerful shot. In his next game against Plante, the Boomer blasted two goals past Jacques and assisted in two more. "If people could get me going that way," he said recently, "I guess I can do the same thing to these guys."

During the Rangers' first workout, an eager rookie named Bobby Ash checked Geoffrion hard in front of the net. Boomer yelled, raised his stick and opened a deep cut over Ash's eye. "He was in my way," he explained simply. He apologized to Ash later, but he never implied that other Rangers shouldn't take similar action.

As the season of 1966-67 gets under way, the Rangers once again look like a good bet to finish last. But the Geoffrion spirit, added to the all-out scrambling of players like Hadfield and Reg Fleming, has clearly enlivened the New York bench, if not the New York ice. If nothing else, the team may lead the league in yelling. But Geoffrion emphasizes that he didn't come to New York just to be a cheerleader. He also wants to help the team score goals, and that part of his job hasn't been as easy. He found out very early in training that his legs are not in as good shape as his voice.

Before the season began, Ranger fans wistfully compared Geoffrion's comeback to Ted Lindsay's, hoping he might spark the team to the playoffs the way Lindsay did the 1964-65 Red Wings. "But you can't compare me with Lindsay," says Geoffrion. "Ted was working out with Detroit for a long time before he came back. And he was a free skater—he could move effortlessly, getting into full stride any time he wanted to. Me? I'm not a free skater. It takes me a few strides to get my speed, and I'm not really very fast, anyway. Naturally, that makes it much harder for me than for Lindsay."

Geoffrion still appears to have the powerful shot that gave him his nickname 19 years ago when he was a junior player. But he has not been happy with his ability to make use of it. "Timing is what counts," he said. "Reflexes. I see my openings but I miss my chances by just a split second or so. That's what I've got to correct. The shot won't do much good if I can't get the timing back."

It came back for a moment in one ex-

hibition game in Rochester, a game that showed as much about the problems of Geoffrion and the Rangers as anything that happened in training. The puck skidded loose in front of the net, and Boomer Boom got to it first, with a quick wrist shot he drilled the puck into the net for what was probably his most satisfying goal of the exhibition season. The Rochester Americans had been his major rivals when he coached Quebec in the AHL, and the small crowd had come to see the home team torment the Boomer once more. They booed him all evening, and when he scored he raised his arms and skated around the ice in the traditional hockey gesture of triumph and contempt for an unfriendly crowd.

It was a good moment, a moment that made people recall many crucial goals of the past—goals scored in hectic links against top teams. It hardly mattered that this time the opposition was minor-league and the goalie was a bald 35-year-old journeyman named Bobby Perreault. For a moment, the sense of victory was there. Then it faded all too quickly. The Rangers, playing their fourth game in five nights, tired badly and lost 5-3. The Rochester rosters made it clear that, in their opinion, Bernie Geoffrion had had it, and by the end of the debacle the Boomer felt very old indeed. "It was a terrible performance," Francis said after the game. "But it may be for the best. It sets things up for a very tough practice tomorrow."

Hockey practices are never fun, this particular one was almost beyond endurance. After an hour and a half, the Rangers were still engaged in grueling one-on-one drills. The weary Geoffrion took the puck and charged at Defenseman Jim Neilson. He laked once, wheeled around Neilson and heeled a hard wrist shot into a corner of the net. For an instant the line was there again, and he raised his stick and yelled, "Hooyay... That's how to do it," Harry Howell, who is 33 and didn't feel too strong himself at that point, kidded Geoffrion as he skated slowly back up ice. "Nothing like that old experience, huh, Boomer?"

He didn't get an answer. Geoffrion was already down on one knee, panting heavily and wiping the sweat off his swarthy face with his left arm. "Yeah," he finally muttered, forcing a grin. "Très fatigué."

When the practice neared its end, there were wand sprints, Geoffrion trailed

continued

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ONE MORE ROOM *continued*

most of the players as they skated, and he fell to his hands and knees between sprints to catch his breath. He was the last man off the ice at the end of the session.

"I'd be crazy not to admit how tough it is," he said. "I feel awful. Stiff all over. I came to camp in good shape. I weighed 181, six pounds less than when I retired. I hoped that would help. But now it gets tougher all the time." He spoke softly, drawing deep breaths after each phrase. Slowly he began to unwind the tape that holds a hockey uniform together around the legs. Then he looked up at the questioner and narrowed his eyes. "But don't think I won't make it. Somehow, I will."

Young Bryan Campbell, another Ranger hopeful, was sitting across the room. Like everyone else, he was concerned with his private aches. "I feel like I'm 40," he said. "Maybe I should have been a lawyer or something."

Geoffrion heard and reacted. "How old are you?" he demanded. Campbell said he was 22. "Twenty-two goddamn years old and you feel bad? How the hell do you think I feel? A lawyer? You better be happy you're here. Where else could a guy like you make this kind of money? A 40-year-old lawyer, ha! You bastards ought to be ashamed. You think you're gonna win while you're feeling sorry for yourselves?" Again the guttural voice exploded with curses and taunts. Campbell smiled sheepishly and tried to look properly penitent while the others laughed, and Geoffrion had done another job for the Rangers. The mood changed in the room. Suddenly they were talking like winners.

"Hey, Boomer," said Rod Gilbert, the 25-year-old forward who is probably the team's most legitimate star. "I read where you were supposed to be my idol when I was a kid. Well, I got news for you. From now on I'm going to be your idol."

Gilbert was thinking just the way Geoffrion and Francis would like all the Rangers to think; but he—or anyone else—will have a long way to go to match Boomer's remarkable career. Geoffrion joined the Canadiens when he was 19 and scored 30 goals in his first full season. He never stopped working on his shots and developed a repertoire so effective that he became a star on a team loaded with much faster skaters. In 1961 he became one of three players

continued

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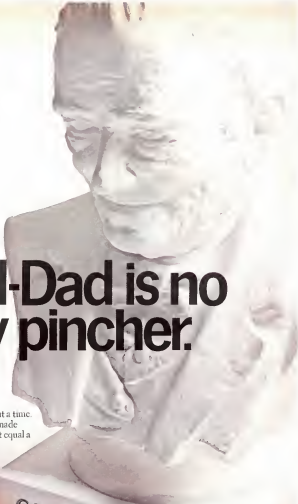
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ever to score 50 goals in a season. His dark good looks made him a natural idol in hockey-crazy Montreal, and his explosive temper made him one of the game's most colorful figures.

"Temper?" he asks now. "I don't think mine was ever too bad. I used to be moody—I wouldn't talk to anyone when I was going bad. But my wife [the former Marlene Morenz, daughter of another Canadian star, the late Horie Morenz] changed that. Of course, I do hate to lose, like anybody else."

Whether the trouble was temper or just dismay, the records show that Boom Boom was often in deep trouble. In 1953 he was suspended for seven games for swinging a stick at Ron Murphy's head and fracturing his jaw. Earlier that season he was fined \$250 for checking Referee Frank Udvari into the boards. In 1963 he was suspended five days for "throwing his stick like a spear" at Referee Vern Buflay. The official record is explicit on the outcome of the incident: "The referee successfully deflected the stick with his hands but was struck on the chest with one of the gloves" that followed it.

As a coach, Geoffrion didn't mellow at all. He was heavily fined twice during his tenure at Quebec, once for "not controlling his players" and again for "abusing an official." The first offense came when several Quebec men climbed off the bench into the Rochester stands to attack some fans, while their coach shouted at them in French and waved his arms in gestures that were not interpreted as efforts to restrain them. The other came when a Baltimore timekeeper neglected to stop the clock the second the whistle blew. Boom Boom raced quickly across the ice and punched him.

There is certainly a good bit of hockey showmanship in such acts, but with Geoffrion it is clear that they come from the heart. Hockey is a kind of war to him—an unrelenting and consuming effort to "get the money from that man in the other uniform" in the only kind of fight for survival that he knows or cares about.

"Of course, I'm 35 now," says Geoffrion, "and maybe I'm losing some of my drive. Anyway, I don't let the fans bother me the way they used to. I used to worry about what they yelled. Now I say to hell with them. They can pay their \$7 for a seat and do whatever they damn well like. Their money pays my salary."

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AMERICA'S BEST SKI RUNS

BY BOB OTTUM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN

PAINTINGS BY DONALD MOSS



Don't let the Europeans snow you with tales of skiing the Hahnenkamm, the Vallée Blanche and the Parsenn. America has in its enormously varied mountain terrain ski runs second to none in the world. To prove it, Sports Illustrated has selected the 10 top ski runs in the country after skiing them all, as well as a hundred others. They add up to more than 20 miles of powdered bowls and moguled slopes, of glacial heights and twisting trails that plunge through aisles of spruce and birch. No country can provide a wider variety of skiing, as well planned and so easily reached by excellent uphill facilities. A top ski run should thrill the superskier and challenge—without fear—the hardy weekend stemmer. Its beauty should be nature's own, with man stepping in only to fell a tree or bulldoze a boulder. The 16 pages of color that follow not only illustrate in photographs and diagrams the 10 best runs, but also show how American ski resorts have developed in 30 years. Some of the runs have become legendary, and others are known only to a handful of skiing explorers. On the following page, the skiing begins where American skiing began, in the Green Mountains of Vermont. The runs sweep from there across Rockies, Sierras and Cascades—the glorious geography that makes American skiing so diverse.

THE NOSE DIVE, STOWE



There are two things to understand about eastern skiing: 1) the mountains are not Alps-high, which does not really matter, and 2) most of the skiing is below the tree line, which matters very much indeed. The result is trail-skiing—sailing down through aisles that cut across everything on the hill, including rocks—and the East over the years has developed it into a snowy art form. The chill, northern location of most eastern resorts means that plenty of snow, the fat, prepacked variety, makes up for any lack of height. And when skiing is as good as it is in the maple-syrup hills of Vermont, the trail means everything.

The Nose Dive is all that its name implies. For one thing, it starts at 3,600 feet on a rocky formation which—if you look at it just right—forms the profile of a sleeping giant. For another, it drops 2,025 vertical feet from the giant's nose at a sharpening pitch. And that's diving, brother.

But nose-diving is a venerable tradition in the East, and this run is the classic. It was opened in the winter of 1935-36, a pioneer U.S. racing run. For years the course snaked through the corkerwike Seven Turns and across Upper Schuss, then careened into Shambles Corner—which was usually just that. Early-day racers, seeking more speed than control, often took the high road—through the timber. The Dive had a reputation as the country's wickedest—the trail was only 25 feet wide in some spots—and just plain skiers stayed away.

They need not stay away any longer. The Nose has been remodeled, reworked, retaiped in a massive earthen plastic-surgery project, and the result is one of the most majestic ski runs in the nation.

The chart at left shows Nose Dive revisited—with the trail mapped from the Octagon at the top. To one side are two chair-lift lines. That hook at the beginning is the start of the racing trail—which you may run by hiking up. And ahead lie a mile and a quarter of wider, smoother, steadier hillside.

In widening the run to 66 feet—to meet FIS downhill safety standards—Mansfield's Sepp Rusch made a great run greater. The Seven Turns have been eased into a continuous wriggle. You can snake through them, as the Swiss racer does at night during last winter's international competition. Upper Schuss still schusses, and Shambles Corner (at midpoint on the map) can still unda you—if you let it. When Rusch unveiled the new Nose last year, some of the first racers dived it at 60 mph, and for the first time in ski history the old belly-breaker also was full of intermediates.

Tradition has been served, not set aside. In those old days, eastern skiers were run-droppers. "I skied the Nose Dive," they would say proudly. A grand old custom. I skied the Nose Dive. And you should, too.





RIVA RIDGE, VAIL

It is quite possible that a vacationing skier at Vail, Colo. might drift by mistake onto Riva Ridge, then quit his job, sell house and car, abandon family, mail back the key to the men's room and never go home again. For Riva Ridge, full of humps, hollows and one tender trap, may be the best single ski run in the U.S.

Ever since that quiet gentleman, Peter Seibert, began to develop the area five years and about \$25 million ago, Riva has been Vail's answer to Aspen. And with reason. It starts high on a backbone of the Rockies—at 11,250 feet—and drops off in gentle giant steps, 3,050 vertical feet and roughly four miles into the village. Through all this it swings easily, in silence and clean air, and there may not be a more scenic spot in the country in which to test all your skeletal structures.

Seibert named it Riva Ridge because his wartime regiment of the Tenth Mountain Division once captured a similar ridge in the Italian Apennines. Yet the run is full of peaceful intent. In fact, "it is all things to all skiers," says Bob Parker, Vail's marketing manager. "In its high slopes you can let your skis go and break the world land-speed record. Or you can ski along easily and build your ego. You set your own pace."

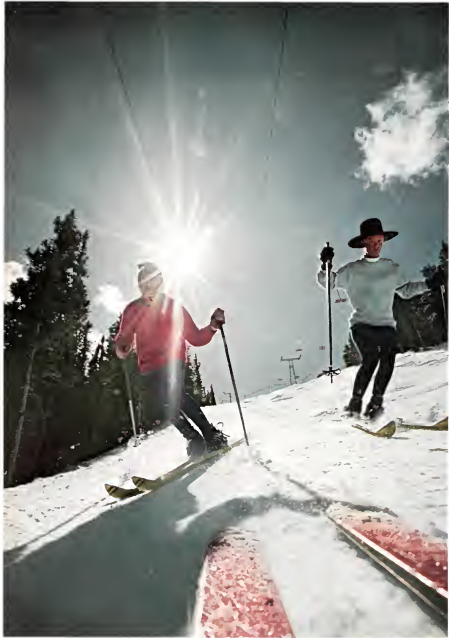
Whatever the pace, Riva carries you quickly—or lazily—down a 450-foot vertical drop across clear, polished snowfields. Then, with major swoop and minor G-force, it eases across the first step (the smart left turn shows at the top of the accompanying map) and drops off again. The pitch grows steeper for the next 500 vertical feet, but the mountain opens up, suddenly, to more than 400 yards of vast, flying hillside, a 150-foot-wide trail with the mood of a tilted ballroom.



Ahead, and far below, lies the village with its toy inns and chalets. Also ahead, and now directly under your feet, lies the Taurist Trap, Riva's great compressor. Everything you know about skiing is neatly squeezed into a quick, punishing 250-vertical-foot drop in 130 short yards. It is steep—45° in spots—and pocked with moguls, each one the size and shape of the Houston Astrodome. This is country you can fly over—like Olympic Medalist and Ski Instructor Roger Staub in the picture at left—or it is a section where you stem your uphill ski, kidney, rib, shoulder and ear just to stay on the hill.

I should not tell you this, but there is a way to avoid the Trap, around a shameful dagleg called Compromise, through the obscurity of thick trees. If they see you take it, they banish you to Aspen.

But the Trap is worth the trial—to ski it is to love it. Beyond it lie the Rails, a series of mild, bottom-of-the-mountain bounces. And then Mill Creek, an easy catwalk that will take you back to the village, proudly swinging your tails.



AL'S RUN, TAOS

Give a thought-association test on Taos, N. Mex. and people will say: "Uh, pueblos. D. H. Lawrence. Deserts. Cracked red clay. Indian blankets. Silver belt buckles. Turquoise jewelry." It is a shame about that. They ought to be thinking: "Dry, unpackable powder snow. Steepest ski resort in North America. Giant conifers sheltering the snow all the way to the 12,000-foot peaks. No lift lines. Shirtsleeve skiing in stinging sunshine. Martini Trees."

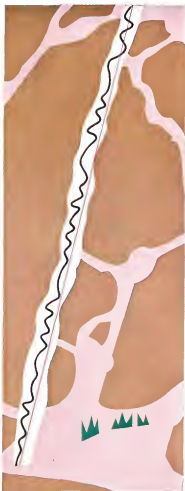
A half-hour drive from Taos (which, incidentally, also is all of those things you first think about) is the world's most relaxed ski resort. Levi's are fine, white Levi's are formal. It is the personal preserve of Ernie Blake, a wry, handsome, benign tyrant who is being inexorably stalked by success.

Blake has kept Taos Ski Valley, which can sleep only 600 skiers, a marvel of the ski age. He found the place in 1953 by flying his own plane in ever-diminishing circles over Colorado and New Mexico, and contrary to ski-area-operator motivation, intends to keep it uncommercial. He has cut 28 ski runs down this high, dry land—the vertical drop is 2,600 feet—and installed six ski lifts. "There is still almost one acre of untouched powder snow for every skier at Taos," says Blake.

Blake named the runs as the moods moved him and tagged most of them supereexpert. There are such swingers as Rubenzahl, Zagava, Langhorn, Snake Dance and, simply, Al's Run. And why Al's? Because Dr. Al Rosen, who is a cardiac patient and a brave man, was warned to stay off that lofty elevation. Not Dr. Rosen; he skis it every day in an oxygen mask. Which is good enough inspiration for Ernie Blake.

In its simplicity, falling straight down the No. 1 lift line, the run is typical of Taos skiing life. Spotted along the trails are Blake's famous Martini Trees, selected pines where Ernie and his friends have coaxed glass beakers of gin with a breath of vermouth (finders keepers). Martini Tree to Martini Tree, the run is 80 feet wide at the top, 80 feet at the base and fatty moguled in the middle. Al's Run also is a chute: a 1,800-vertical-foot drop along this bumping, 4,000-foot-long ride, one of the steepest in ski country. It feels at times as if you are certain to ski directly down Blake's chimney far below.

Al's Run is not for the vertiginous, but it is a jump-turning, heel-kicking delight for experts, like the swinging team at left. Because the lift is overhead you will feel the need to ski your very best; every chair contains critics watching you. Blake planned it that way. Once down, looking back up, you will feel wonderfully disheveled, knee-weary—and supereexpert. After I skied Al's Run last March, Blake, who had bumped along with me, led me to the Martini Tree.





THE GLADES. SUGARBUSH

From its opening season of 1958-59, Sugarbush, Vt. has had the reputation of being a place of ferocious chic and, in sheer stylishness, a sort of Sun Valley East. On clear days at Sugarbush the air is touched with a wisp of *Diorissimo*, from the trail of stunning girls flashing by, and in the lodge after dark the bartender will take an order for, say, a Negroni, and never flinch. Still, mink porkos do not a mountain make (Sugarbush is only 4,013 feet high). Sugarbush also has The Glades.

Fittingly in such a setting, of all the top ski runs in the U.S. The Glades is easily the most elegant. There is assuredly not another run like it, and everyone in the country should, just once, have the joy of taking a morning run through The Glades in about eight inches of light, new snow.

The charm of the run is uncomplicated. Each of the 10 superski runs stands for some-

thing; for example, conquering the deep powder at Warm Springs in Sun Valley, staying alive and intact while hurtling down the lift line at Toos Ski Valley. But The Glades has a more direct mystique. It is, simply, dancing down through stands of silver birch trees, punctuated with a few beeches, some spruces and an occasional lightning-charred stump. It is 1,200 feet of wide, wooded giant slalom, set to your own pace, where there are no moguls because nobody can ski the same path twice.

Its creation was a happy accident. "We cut the trail in 1958," says Jack Murphy, Sugarbush general manager, "and we wanted a certain glade effect. But it is hard to know when to stop cutting trees. One day, we simply took a chance and said, 'All right, stop,' and we had it."

Murphy's quarter mile, starting at about the 3,000-foot level, is one of the man-made wonders of eastern skiing. It is, he admits, one of the shortest runs around. No matter. The thing changes, magically, with every nuance of winter lighting: mornings, after a chill gondola ride to the top, The Glades is often hoarfrosted and coldly aglitter, as though stage-set by Van Cleef & Arpels. By midday, shafts of sun pour corridors of light into the trees, and by afternoon the scene changes again, into one of stark, etched shadows. The effect is visually striking: there are enough trees to let in the diffused light, but not enough trees to shut out the sky. Thus skiers around you seem to flicker from tree to tree, as though you are seeing them in an old silent movie. After heady stuff such as this, all else at Sugarbush pales. "Skiing through The Glades in this light," says one Sugarbush veteran, "is so damned poetic it gets embarrassing."

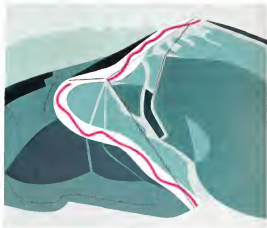
No need to blush. For one thing, The Glades is a reward for all the skiing it takes to get to it. The ski resort is spiderwebbed with trails, and this area is hard to find. This quick 1,200 feet of perfect skiing is part of a three-mile run down the mountain, most of which is pretty routine skiing. If you want to ski The Glades all day, you must work for it.

I skied The Glades several times last year, first following the kidney-shaped turns of Stein Eriksen and later, in powder, across ice and frost, through sun and shadow, slaloming around the trees, playing with all the pretty people of Sugarbush. And the guy was right when he said it. It is poetic.

PAYDAY, PARK CITY

Park City, Utah stirs in a lot of history with its skiing, and the one key trail in town rides right through an old mining camp complete with wind-scrubbed buildings and silent holsts, their ore buckets rusted into place. From atop the hill on a clear day you can see forever—which is all the way to Wyoming. Payday spills down the mountain for two and three-quarter miles—flying easily all the way—and finishes with a fine flourish in a steeper, headier, 6,000-foot dash to the front door of the lodge.

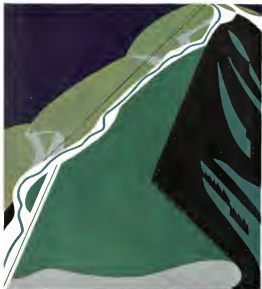
The payoff of Park City is in running the hill from its 9,270-foot peak, across high meadows, along catwalks (they are old pack trails, and riding them calls for a lot of tight checking), down into the camp. Then, after a 1,500-foot rope tow over a high saddle comes the real Payday. You burst down a rolling slope into a revitalized ghost town, full of new life in an oldtime western setting.



CHARTREUSE TRAIL, ALTA

Big hills can be beautiful when they're up to your funny packs in light, dry powder snow. Such is life at Alta, Utah, traditionally a land of steely-eyed experts. But take hope, intermediates. There is something you should know about the place. Around behind that monster mountain, in a lonely, silent curve, lies America's best all-powder playground. Further, it is a run everybody can ski, whooping along through an untracked, untouched, unexpert field of fluff.

From a 10,400-foot notch in the Wasatch Mountains (Alta's ski lifts are on the other side in the accompanying illustration), Chartreuse takes up an entire mountainside, floating down in rolling solitude across—pick your course—two, three, four miles of sailing. At the top, standing on the roof of Utah, it seems steep. It is, at first. But unlike the other side, where those experts are, here you can relax. Let your skis run; it eases off quickly, and there are rolling flats ahead that you can stroll across. Great place for a picnic. There is a view all around, a new ski world to see. If you time it right, it can take all day.



WARM SPRINGS. SUN VALLEY

Back in the days when Sun Valley was known as *Hollywood in the Snow*, it was *Very Right* to be seen there and all right to ski there—but don't go near the powder. First thing each day, while the socialites were wriggling out of their hangovers and into their ski clothes, patrolmen would swarm out over Bald Mountain and trample down all the fresh snow. Then at a given signal would come sunshine, followed by movie stars, followed by Steve Hannagan and photographers, followed by pictures in papers all over the country. And they all made it back to the lodge in time for tea.

But, inevitably, Sun Valley discovered skiing. The masses came to town and Hollywood moved to Klosters, which is Sun Valley in Switzerland. In the years since, the place has

been taken over by the Janss brothers, Ed and Bill, who called Rauschenbergs, de Koonings and ski resorts, and the emphasis now more than ever is on skiing, which is what Sun Valley is really all about. Mountain Manager Les Outts controls Baldy by walkie-talkie from atop the hill, and every time a mogul appears he hines in a Sno-Cat, which rolls out and smashes it down. And now there is an even more notable improvement—there is a whole mountainside devoted to powder snow.

Even in the Valley's old days small bands of skiers had discovered the north face of Baldy, that forbidding, pitching Warm Springs Run zooming down to Jim Patterson's front yard at the river. That oldtime run was not so much a run as it was a wild chase through the trees, and those pioneer boomers often ended up carrying sprigs of pine bough in their teeth. But the powder was there, touched only by shadows and Idaho's snowshoe rabbits. For years it was the secret slope. Then the Janss brothers, who know a great run when they ski one, called in the decorators and did the mountain over completely. The result: Son of Warm Springs, 50 acres of pure powder running down through smoothed, open flying hillsides.

From the 9,200-foot top, where the pitch rolls along at 21° to 28° (and where the girl in the picture opposite leans into her first turn), Warm Springs runs two and a half miles down to where Patterson's front yard used to be. It is fast company, doubling back and forth beside two new chair lifts and across plazas, kicking up feathery plumes all the way—a 3,200-foot vertical drop. And no more pioneer trailblazing. It is now possible to run Warm Springs all the way without once crossing another run or access trail.

The remodelers did it up right. Churning dips that used to pull skiers right out of their socks have been filled. The trail averages 200 feet in width, and is deliberately cut crooked, complete with scenic islands of trees for skiing around, through, under.

"And to think," said Outts on the day we skied it, "of all those years spent on the other side of the mountain." At last Sun Valley has everything: manicured snow, hard skiing on one side and soft skiing on one of the country's smoothest slopes on the other side. And don't forget tea about 5, Teo?





WEST FACE KT-22, SQUAW VALLEY

Everybody should know the history of KT-22, that dandy mountain in the Sierra Nevada. Kit Carson and John Sutter both slept at its base in the 19th century, and it never got much more crowded than that until Alex Cushing and the 1960 Olympics came to town. In the 1930s pioneer skiers had her-ringboned all over the hill, marveling at its snowy wonders, and the wife of one of them, Mrs. Sandy Paulsen, claimed it took her 22 kick-turns to get down it, hence the name. If that is how mountains are named, it is a good thing she did not try to ski the West Face.

"Actually, it is not a ski run at all," says Cushing. "It is really an avalanche chute. I have fallen from the top all the way to the bottom of that thing. I would imagine that not 5% of the people who come to Squaw Valley can ski the West Face of KT-22."

One slip on the West Face usually means you chute all the way to the bottom. There are stout pines spotted strategically all down the course, each one a potential lip-splitter. Still, the fact remains that the West Face of KT-22 is the ruggedest, fastest, most challenging and soul-searing ski run in the country.

From the top, at 8,200 feet, the face does not look all that tough. Its first humpback loops over rather modestly to a small staging area just atop the main face. It is on this snowy platform that some of winter's worst snap decisions are made. One chill morning last March, we made one.

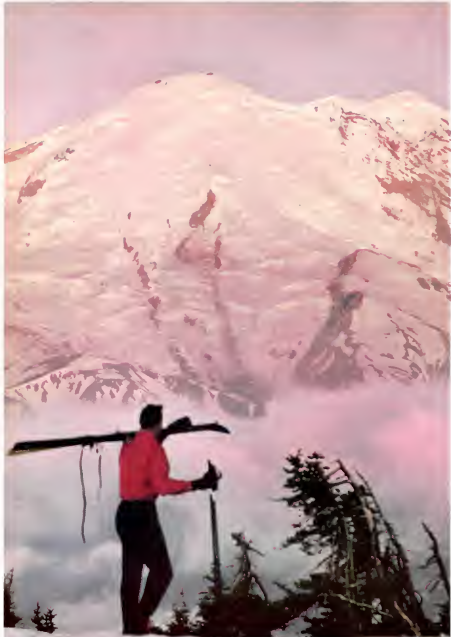
"It's a bit icy," warned Californian Jim Tobin. "This run should only be skied in powder. But . . . if . . . you . . . are . . . careful, we'll make it." The face lay glazed in the 10 a.m. sun, glittering at a pitch of about 32°. We pushed off.

A quarter of the way down, I pulled up to look around at the view. Just magnificent.



Breathtaking. I was owed. Scared. Below me, Tobin, Peter Paine, Photographer Marvin Newman (who took the photograph of left) and the others stood on their edges, looking back up. They were leaning in tightly to the hill, like the trees. Tobin glanced over at Newman. "I wouldn't turn just there if I were you," he said. "Me?" said Newman. "Me, I can make it." He turned, decorated with cameras, and fell. He began to slide, arms and legs spraddled, like a sky diver. Tobin wheeled quickly, raced below him and then threw himself over Newman's body, and their combined, tangled mass finally brought them to a stop. They got up carefully, having cut their own bobbed run halfway down the hill. It did a lot for my peace of mind.

I wanted a cigarette. But I was afraid to strike a match. Tobin hiked back up and stood guard below while I, like Mrs. Paulsen, kick-turned. Then I hacked my way down the shining run. Halfway, I stood very still, edges bit in, until I got my confidence back. It took all season.



GREEN VALLEY. CRYSTAL MOUNTAIN

The vast Pacific Northwest is populated by skiers who look pretty much like you and me. The same beaten boots, stretch pants and ribbed sweaters, the same driving eagerness to ski. Even now, in Tacoma and in Enumclaw, they stand tuned, hoping for the good year. But similarities end there. There is one vital difference. Nobody, but nobody, is more determined to ski—come rain or come shine—than those of the Pacific Northwest. And all too often, eyebrows dripping, they ski come rain.

It is an unhappy meteorological fact that when winter rains sweep in from the Pacific they soak everything west of the Cascade Range, occasionally turning entire snowfields into a substance like vanilla sherbet. Yet this condition only feeds the fierce fire that lies within Pacific Northwesters, and every skier, cinching the rack on top of his car in his driveway, takes off for the hills with the instincts of a riverboat gambler. For when skiing is good in the umbrella of Mt. Rainier—and that is much of the time, incidentally—it is very, very good.

The view of Rainier alone, rising in 14,408 feet of chill majesty, is worth the gamble. From the 6,877-foot saddle at Crystal Mountain, it is purest bonus: Rainier looks over the shoulder of one of America's top ski runs, the Green Valley.

Seventy-five miles out of Seattle, 1,000 vertical feet up over Snoqualmie National Forest, Green Valley sprawls for 80 acres of bowl, gap, canyon and mogul skiing, as though the run had been edited to include a chapter on everything. There is even powder snow, if you happen to be the first man on the mountain on the right morning. But no matter. Green Valley doesn't need powder.

Understandably, Green Valley is the most popular of Crystal's 8,000 square acres of



ski slope, and of all the country's best runs this one has the most glacial mood, perhaps because the upper bowl is so big. From the saddle, where the skier in the accompanying picture is strolling, the Valley spills down into this monster bowl, which has some of the characteristics of Tuckerman's Ravine in the East. Always fatly smallpoxed with moguls, it is a bowl with bump and snap, flattening out into a schuss through the trees. Beyond, the run soaks, if you would like, into a section of ridge run. And below that lies still another bowl, a shallower run beneath the lift, all of it heading for a swooshing finish, heady skiing down a slope they call the back side of Exterminator (the front side, they say, will really exterminate you). Over all, through all its swirls, the effect is like skiing through an hourglass. Every run is best made briskly—Pacific cold is damp and penetrating. And if there is fog below, don't worry. The sun surely shines on top.

Rain? Never! Well, almost never. But it's worth the gamble.



RUTHIE'S RUN, ASPEN

We take you now, by flashback, to an important but little-known moment in U.S. skiing history. It is the spring of 1946, the first year of Aspen, the old mining town, as Aspen, the new ski resort. And there in Spar Gulch—which is one of America's genuine gulches—stands Ruthie (Mrs. D.R.C.) Brown, the first of Aspen's intermediate skiers. "There ought to be," said Ruthie, sideslipping irritably, "an easier way to get off this mountain. I would give—no, I will give—\$5,000 for just one trail that I can ski. A trail just for me." And she did. That, as

every skier should know, is how Ruthie's Run was born.

Both Ruth and Darcy Brown were Aspen stockholders—stockholders were about the only people skiing Aspen in those days—and the rest of them chipped in another \$5,000 to cut the new trail where she wanted it. The slope where Ruthie wanted the run was tougher than it looked. But Ruthie's skiing progressed while the run was being cut, and when it was ready she was ready to ski it. The result one of the greatest ski runs in the country.

Ruthie's Run opened the winter of 1949. "It was," recalls Mrs. Brown, "a terrible day. A big crowd gathered around, and down we came, skiing through three feet of heavy powder. There was a Paramount newsreel camera, and I broke the ceremonial tape."

In the years since, Aspen has grown tremendously. Spar Gulch has been partially filled in to become less gulchy, but Ruthie's Run remains the local favorite.

And no wonder. Starting at 10,485 feet, the run does all these things in quick order: it snakes down through a corkcrew, 300 yards of tightly swinging, 22° slope; it chutes across a flat, into a funnel of trees to Zig-Zaugg (right), building tension and speed all the way; after another, 300-foot-wide, hollow, it dives smartly into Ruthie's Snow Bowl, then into Spring Pitch (where suddenly the world is tilted to 34°), swings sharply to a hard left turn onto a 250-foot catwalk and winds up barreling easily down Strawpile to happy exhaustion. There ought to be on Aspen too: Ruthie's should be skied twice at the minimum—once for skiing, all out, once just for looking, across all of Colorado, down at the lows from the hillside.

On one of the days I skied Ruthie's last season, Mrs. Brown was waiting at the bottom. "Sadly, I don't have much time to ski the old run anymore," she said. "But always when I'm in Aspen I come by and look up at the skiers coming down it. It is quite a run." It is quite a run, indeed, Ruthie. Thank you. **END**



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To insure maximum backspin, use a tee and clean out the grooves of the club face before hitting an iron.

Don't let your golf be a dirty business

Too many weekend golfers ignore what seems to them to be a trivial part of the game, care of their clubs. As often as not they keep their clubs at home, and they find it quite easy not to clean them. But this costs strokes. If the grooves of an iron are not clean the club head will not put maximum backspin on the ball. During a round you should have a towel available so that the club face can be wiped clean after every shot. You should also clean the grooves by running a sharp object through them before every shot.

Caring for woods presents a different problem. Woods pick up moisture and are affected by sharp changes from very moist to very dry climates. To prevent any problems, you should soak your woods periodically in linseed oil. This seals the wood and keeps it from absorbing moisture. Some people oil the heads of their irons, presumably to keep them from rusting. I do not do this, and I don't recommend it, because anything that makes the face of the iron slick is likely to affect the flight of the ball.

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HAMILTON



On a clear day, San Diego State saw forever

The hot winds died, the fogs disappeared and the Aztecs of San Diego combined blazing speed with Don Horn's accurate passes to swamp North Dakota State and become the country's No. 1 small-college team

There is no defense against the Santa Ana, the wind that comes blustering in off the Mojave Desert in searing, grimy gusts. When it hits, southern California goes from pure euphoria to instant funk. Friendly dogs snarl, people with suicidal tendencies eye straight razors, sleeping pills and the Southern Pacific Railroad tracks with renewed longing, and perfectly compatible couples start divorce proceedings.

All week long San Diego wheezed in the Santa Ana and then, just as Ronald Reagan—up there on all those billboards smiling in quiet approval of private enterprise—began to disappear behind layers of dust, the Santa Ana stopped. An omen? Why not? At that moment North Dakota State University, the No. 1 small-college team in the country, arrived, seeking an answer to the question: Can a small agricultural college from the Northwest find happiness in the swinging southland? The answer was not long in coming, and it was no, not without help from a Santa Ana. Without as much as a soft breeze, in fact, San Diego State, the biggest little monster in the land, did what no one has been able to do since 1964—beat the Bruins. They did it, furthermore, 36-0.

San Diego State, known as the Aztecs to its 17,000 students, but for years unknown, unloved and ignored by southern Californians in general and by lovers of big-time football everywhere, had not only gone through six games unbeaten but had done so with such dash that by last week most observers had the impression San Diego halfbacks were racing around end in Aloha shirts. Before the Saturday game San Diego State was rated second among the country's small-college teams. And did this lofty station turn San Diego squaver with joy? It did not. "The hell with No. 2," said a student. "We're the fastest, the meanest, the

most explosive team in the world. We're No. 1."

Really? North Dakota is a small state. You could, in fact, almost stuff its population into Balboa Stadium, where the two teams met Saturday night. But North Dakota State has spent the last three years whumping everyone it has played. The fact is, the teams confronted each other in mutual terror, and those coaches' cries of anguish for once had the ring of truth.

"Put that thing on regular speed," Dakota's Ron Erhardt told an assistant running a film showing San Diego backs racing off in spectacular isolation.

"Coachs," said the assistant, "this is regular speed."

"Good grief," said Erhardt.

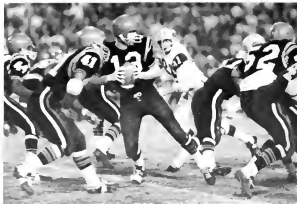
Nor did the Bison fans that San Diego Coach Don Coryell studied bear any

resemblance to light comedy. After each play, a perfectly audible "Doph" was heard. It came from Coryell. "Teams down here don't hit like that," he said.

The wonderful part of it was that both Erhardt and Coryell had good cases. Coryell has always gone after players who had trouble holding still long enough for an interview, running backs like Nate Johns and Don Shy, for instance, who think a 97 hundred is dogging it. A series of injuries has slowed Johns this season, but Coryell's newest man in perpetual motion, Haven Moses, makes up for whatever Johns has lost. And right in the middle of all that speed is Fullback Teddy Washington, a chunky 210-pounder who is just as fast as the rest.

Coryell knew he had something exceptional brewing, but there was a flaw—the

continued



PROTECTED BY SAN DIEGO'S WASHINGTON (41), DON HORN DROPS BACK TO PASS



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COLLEGE FOOTBALL *continued*

offensive line. "They hit the right people," he noted, "but they don't do anything to the people they do hit." Coryell reasoned that until the young linemen learned how to bowl people over, he would teach them the rudiments of pass-blocking for Don Horn, onetime captain of the Washington State freshman team who left there when he found out that the Woody Hayes philosophy of direct frontal assault was about to become all the rage.

In five games, three of which were absolute hair-raisers (San Diego State beat Weber State 38-34, scoring three times in the last quarter; gut by Cal Poly 14-13 by blocking an extra point try after the final gun; and outlasted Long Beach State 21-18), Coryell ignored the run and sent ends, flankers, tailbacks—anyone eligible to catch a ball—scampering this way and that, and Horn knew exactly what to do with the situation.

Then, two weeks ago, against Fresno State, the young line came of age, and Shy and Washington nearly matched Horn's passing yardage with their runs—at least for a while. In the second half a fog came in and both teams disappeared. "We know you're there, Aztecs. We know you're there," was one chant offered up by the student cheering section. Another was: "We love you, Aztecs, wherever you are."

Ron Erhardt's idea of good football is to hit somebody—or everybody—so hard that something inevitably collapses. His game plan for North Dakota was simple: get Horn. And then,

follow Teddy Washington—everywhere.

It was a sound plan, but following Washington and doing something about him are different problems. On the first play from scrimmage the fullback went right up the middle for 32 yards. That was the end of San Diego running until the last quarter when Washington squirted loose for an 86-yard touchdown—but no matter. Horn took turns passing to Moses and End Craig Scoggins, a little fellow who reminds people of Howard Twilley. Only Scoggins is much faster—naturally—and just like that San Diego had 14 points.

Not that North Dakota was through. The Bisons are a proud lot, and Erhardt kept them whopping away with traps and short passes right down to San Diego's four-yard line just before the end of the half. Then came disaster No. 1. The fourth-down plunge missed by an inch. Disaster No. 2: Horn completed a 41-yarder to Scoggins, who ran out of bounds on North Dakota's 13. Disaster No. 3: with four seconds left, Johns tried the first field goal of his career—and nearly fell down from shock when he made it. Disaster No. 4: the second half. By the middle of the third period North Dakota State's entire backfield was on the bench nursing injuries and it was then no longer a question of who was No. 1, but whether the old No. 1 would score. The Bisons came close, but Bob Jones, an Aztec defender, intercepted a pass on the two and sprinted—what else?—for 98 yards.

—Tom C. Brody

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE WEST 1. USC (7-1) 2. UCLA (7-1) 3. WYOMING (7-1)

It was a typically gray and wet November Saturday in Seattle and, typically, UCLA's Bruins, who had not won there since 1958, came away again with only mud on their abashed faces after WASHINGTON upset them 16-3. The Huskies' determined defense, led by Tackle Steve Thompson and Linebacker George Jurgens, climbed all over the soppy Bruins. Gary Beban had his worst day, seven complements in 24 tries; Mel Farr was held to 32 yards rushing. But what really did UCLA in was an 80-yard kickoff return by Jim Sartons, setting up Washington's first

touchdown on a one-yard smash by Jeff Jordan. Frank Smith's 29-yard run with an intercepted pass finished the Uclan. "They just plain beat us," said Beban sadly. "We played for the hitting championship of the Coast and they put it to us."

Down in dry Los Angeles, USC Quarterbacks Troy Winstow and Toby Page methodically picked sluggish California apart with short passes while sub Jim Lawrence and Mike Hull ripped the Bears' porous line for big yardage. USC won the game 35-9 but not necessarily the right to play in the Rose Bowl. If the Trojans should lose to UCLA when they meet Nov. 19 they will still be ahead in the AAWU 4-1 to 3-1 (presum-

continued

If she doesn't fill out that rental form in 2 minutes flat, strip her of her Avis button.



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2 minutes. If she takes a second longer, tell her to hand the button over.

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Painful hemorrhoids?

All too often, humans who sit and stand pay the price of vertical posture. Sitting and standing combine with the force of gravity to produce extra pressure on veins and tissues around the rectal area. The result may be painful, itching or burning hemorrhoids.

The first thought of hemorrhoid sufferers is to relieve their pain and discomfort. However, of the products most often used for hemorrhoids, some contain no pain-killing agent at all...others have one too weak to provide necessary relief...and still others provide only lubrication.

Now at last there is a formulation which concentrates on pain. It actually has over 8 times more pain-killing power than the topical anesthetics most commonly used in hemorrhoid remedies. 8 times the power to ease the itching, pain, and burning of hemorrhoids.

The name of this product is Nupercainal. Nupercainal starts to work on contact. Provides graduated relief from pain. Soothers and lubricates.

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over 8 times more pain-killing power

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL

ing the Uclans get by Stanford this week.) The conference, however, must vote on who goes to Pasadena.

The other AAUW teams were playing strictly for the record. WASHINGTON STATE, with Halfback Rick Reed intercepting three passes and Tom Grelia kicking two extra points, edged Oregon 14-13. SEASIDE hammered Air Force 21-6 while OREGON STATE beat Arizona 31-12 as Fullback Pete Pifer slashed the Wildcats for 228 yards and three touchdowns.

Salt Lake City had never seen anything quite like it when BROOKLYN YOUNG and Texas Western got together. BYU's Virgil Carter and TW's Billy Stevens threw, with the persistence of Iron Mike, but Carter, with Phil Odle catching 14 passes for 242 yards and Casey Rosetti grabbing nine for three scores, had the best of it. BYU won 53-31.

After beating Arizona State 21-6 earlier, along with BYU, still had hopes of tying Wyoming for the Western AC title. But COLORADO STATE, an independent with WAC pretensions, was better than either of them. The PROCESSION Rams mangled New Mexico 45-6. UTAH STATE, a surprising 9-6, finally won, over Pacific 47-9.

THE MIDWEST 1. SIOUX FALLS (7-0) 2. MICHIGAN STATE (8-0) 3. NEBRASKA (8-0)

There was weak Pitt, completely out of character, stunting and blitzing so furiously that SIOUX FALLS actually had a game on its hands. Pitt intercepted three of Quarterback Terry Hanratty's passes and the Irish led by only 7-0 at half time. Then Nick Eddy, shaking off would-be tacklers, ran the second-half kickoff back 85 yards and Tom Schoen returned a punt 63 yards. The proud Notre Dame defense stiffened and pretty soon it was all over for the plucky Panthers. The Irish won 40-0.

Howie gave MICHIGAN STATE'S Duff Daugherty a touch, too, when it took a 7-0 lead in the first quarter. But Halfback Clint Jones, juggling in his back-jerk way, broke loose for 79- and 70-yard touchdowns, added a third on a two-yard plunge and hammered the Hawkeyes for 268 yards (a Big Ten record). Jimmy Raye threw a couple of scoring passes to Gene Washington, and Michigan State coasted to a 56-7 win.

Since Michigan State cannot follow itself to the Rose Bowl, FLORID and MINNESOTA will fight it out Saturday in Minneapolis for that honor. Purdue, 4-1, whipped Wisconsin 29-0 as Bob Griese streaked over for two touchdowns, kicked two extra points and a 29-yard field goal. Quarterback Curt Wilson led Minnesota, now 3-1-1, past Northwestern 28-13. He passed to Ken Lusk for two scores and ran 17 yards for another.

It looked like ILLINOIS' Pete Elliott was in for another licking from brother Bump

when Michigan led the Illini 21-20 and was on the six with only 7:15 to play. But Russ (Silky) Sullivan took a Dick Vidner pass, ran it back 98 yards and Pete had his first win over Bump in seven tries 28-21. The bear hug Pete gave his fearful 14-year-old niece Betty was small consolation for the Ann Arbor Elliotts. There was some fun Ohio State, though, which beat Indiana 7-0.

NEBRASKA, seemingly over its frustrations, lit into Kansas for three second-quarter touchdowns. Then the Huskers went flat. Jayhawk Quarterback Bill Fenton, a skippy, 5-foot-9 passer who had not played a single down all year, threw for one score and Nebraska had to fight to win 24-13. "Last year they were awesome," said Kansas Fullback Dick Bacon. "This year they are human."

There was a chance, too, that Nebraska was hearing footsteps. OREGON STATE, The Sooners smashed Kansas State 17-6. Missouri, which used to live off opponents' mistakes, made too many of its own as OREGON recovered three Missouri fumbles and intercepted four passes, one of which Ike Hindard ran back 99 yards, to win 26-0. Mover of Ohio beat Toledo 24-12 but the Redskins will have to share the Mid-American title again, this time with WYOMING. NEBRASKA, 20-13 winter over Ohio U. on the running of Tim Magle.

It was hard to tell which hampered Wichita State more, being held to minus-85 yards rushing or being subjected to Wyoming. Quarterback Rick Ingolf's talented running and throwing. Either way, the Shockers lost 55-0. MAXSON, in its best season since 1942, beat Xavier 9-2.

THE EAST 1. SYRACUSE (6-2) 2. ARMY (6-2) 3. PENN STATE (4-4)

It was just like any other SYRACUSE-Penn State game. SYRACUSE's Ben Schwartzwalder was filled because he was denied permission to bring along his video playback equipment. Penn State's Joe Paterno had a few new tricks—like a shift from a T into an I—and the two teams had at each other. Surprisingly, the young Lions led 10-6 at the half on Quarterback Tom Sherman's 26-yard pass to Ted Kwalick and his 29-yard field goal. Then the Orange, except for one bit of unlikely trickery when Punter Don Bullard faked a fourth-down kick and threw a pass, decided to do what it does best. Larry Conka bulldozed the middle, Floyd Little slipped off the tackles and eventually Conka scored from the one to put Syracuse ahead 12-10. When it was over, Conka had 132 yards, Little 110 and the Orange were beginning to think about a bowl. "Anytime you beat these babies," said Schwartzwalder, "it makes you feel good."

PENNSYLVANIA'S Dick Colman was feeling mighty good, too, after his Tigers stopped Harvard's march to an undefeated season.

continued



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COLLEGE FOOTBALL

away from victory when a fumble saved the game for Tech, which squeezed out a 14-13 win on Lenny Snow's one-yard drive and Busky Henry's second placement.

TULANE, which has not had so much fun in 10 years, led MIAMI 10-7 when the Hurricanes, stopped on the five with less than two minutes to play, decided to settle for a tie. Ray Harris' 24-yard field goal made it 10-10. VIRGINIA TECH, 6-1-1 now, beat stubborn Wake Forest 31-0 while FLORIDA STATE clobbered South Carolina 32-10 as Bill Mooreman scored three times.

Back in the SEC, ALBANY and KENTUCKY made their moves to stay out of the cellar. Auburn beat Mississippi State 13-0 and Kentucky squeaked past Vanderbilt 14-10. TENNESSEE, perhaps taking little Chattanooga too lightly, was down 10-7 at the half. Then Quarterback Dewey Warren ran for a touchdown, pitched for two more and Tennessee won 28-10.

CUMMIS was all alone at the top of the ACC after beating North Carolina 27-3 but Coach Frank Howard was busy looking over his shoulder at Maryland and NORTH CAROLINA STATE, his next two opponents. The Wolfpack, coasting along serenely with a 24-0 lead, suddenly was brought up short by Maryland's Alan Pasarsso. In less than two minutes, he threw three touchdown passes—41 and 36 yards to Billy Van Heusen and 36 to Bobby Collins—and N.C. State barely survived 24-21.

THE SOUTHWEST

1. ARKANSAS (7-1) 2. SMU (6-1) 3. HOUSTON (6-1)
Determined to stop ARKANSAS' ground game, Rice threw an 11-man line against the Razorbacks and did manage to drag Quarterback Jon Brittenum down for 40 yards in losses. Meanwhile, however, Brittenum passed over the Dows enough to enable Arkansas to win 31-20 and start thinking about this week's big showdown against SMU in Fayetteville.

SMU did it again, coming from 14 points behind in Dallas to nip Texas A&M 21-14 in the fourth quarter. Little Jerry Lewis made another big play when he raced 83 yards with a punt for the winning touchdown, pulling off a couple of nifty maneuvers. Coach Hayden Fry said he had never seen before, "not even in the pros." The nearest runner of the day in the Southwest, however, was TEXAS Halfback Chris Gilbert, who gained 235 yards as the Longhorns stunned Baylor 26-14.

Under the Houston AstroDome, speedy Warren McVea finally broke loose as a rusher with 158 yards, and might have got more had he not been evicted in the fourth quarter against Tulsa, along with one other Cougar, for arguing with an official. Expulsion didn't matter, however, because Tulsa won by a record 73-14.

END

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PEOPLE

Now that the elections are over, voters can assess how valuable an image of fitness was to a politician by checking two results. As Election Day neared, Ohio Governor **James A. Rhodes**, 57, swam within a few hours to visit two bowling alleys (he rolled a strike on his first try) and three pool halls (he won two games of eight-ball) and kick a football with some schoolboys in a parking lot (a 30-yard average on 16 tries). In South Carolina, Senator **Strom Thurmond**, 63, did not look so athletically convincing, at least not to two of his constituents. A pair of Greenville policemen saw a man jogging between some buildings around midnight and stopped their squad car to investigate. It was the Senator, who explained he was getting some exercise by running from a TV station, where he had just made an appearance, to his hotel, a distance of three miles.

Looking over the shoulders of the Miss Teen-age America contestants was Dallas Quarterback **Oon Meredith** (below), a judge in the actual talent competition—the Turtle Derby. After nine heats the entry of Miss Ouncan, Oklahoma, was declared the winner, but not before Meredith was called on to decide on a

photo finish, investigate a doping case (it was said one turtle had been dipped in a stimulating soft drink) and perform an autopsy.

Since she said yes in *Dr. No*, **Ursula Andress** has been considered the sporting type. In recent films she has skii dived and skinny dipped, dangled from the wing of a flying airplane and, in her finest scene, killed her quarry with a blast from her murderform bra. Now Ursula has proved she is really a sports lover. At the opening of her beauty salon for men in Bern, Switzerland, she said, "What we will try to give men here is the athletic look. That is what girls like best, and what girls like best is what men should have."

The nickname for the French Academy—the 40 "immortals"—sometimes seems to have literal meaning, because most of the men elected to France's most learned society are doddering octogenarians. But the newest immortal, 65-year-old Nuclear Physicist **Louis Laplace-Ringuet**, is a vigorous athlete. He says, "Sports are essential for a person's balance." He skips lunch almost every day to play tennis and in winter keeps his balance on skis, an activity he

enjoys so much that he set up his cosmic-ray detectors in the Alps.

Questioned as to why the narrator on one of its new shows was not identified, NBC officials explained that the Voice of the Dodgers, **Vince Scully**, is not given credit for his work on TV's *Occasional Wife* "because his contract with the Dodgers does not permit it." Not so, says Scully. "I thought the show might turn out to be a flop, so I asked the network not to identify me. One loser a season is enough."

The five puppies of White House beagle **Freckles** received all the attention last week, but they aren't the only thing new in the White House menagerie. A Bangkok zoo gave **Lady Bird Johnson** a rare albino turtle. Said the zoo's director: "We thought this a very suitable gift. The Thai people admire the turtle for its patience and determination and for the fact that although it is slow, it always tries to succeed in what it wants to do." Those who think Lady Bird deserved a larger present should hesitate to venture their opinions. The Thai also admire white elephants.

His competitors consider **Dan Gurney** safe taking a turn at 150 mph, but the California Highway Patrol has flagged him down for reckless driving. On his way to the Riverside Grand Prix, Gurney, who had been delayed by heavy Sunday traffic on the freeway, took a shortcut on a deserted country road. According to the police report, he was averaging 85 mph in his Mustang V8. A motorcycle cop and a patrol car pulled him over. This week Gurney will be arraigned in Riverside County Municipal Court. He could lose his driver's license.

When **Yevgeny Yevushenko**, Russia's young and famous poet, arrived in the U.S. for a six-

week tour, he had a cut on his forehead, a wound received a week before when he "ran into a rock" while skin diving. A fervent athlete, he had been here little more than a day when he went to Yankee Stadium to see his first American football game, the Giants against the Cardinals. A man who draws 14,000 people to Moscow sports arenas for his poetry recitations, Yevushenko wondered if Yankee Stadium would not be a fine place for a reading. After the first quarter, in which there had been only one first down, Yevushenko said he found the game "too slow." His 63,000 fellow spectators would certainly have agreed.

"Don't stop me," said **Queen Juliana** as she frolicked on the sand, her mink coat flapping. Thinking the Queen was falling, one of Rotterdam's city fathers rushed to her aid (below), but Juliana broke away and went plunging happily along during an inspection tour of Rotterdam's new \$1.5 billion harbor. Meanwhile, her daughter, **Princess Margriet**, who is to be married in January, has invited the wedding guests to a royal skating party on the palace pond. One stipulation: "Bring your own skates."





Thom McAn is giving away a \$4,100 car just to get you to look at a \$10.99 shoe.

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We're going to hand over a '67 Pontiac GTO. With Hurst shifter. Hood-mounted tach. Rally II wheels, and more. To someone. To you? Could be. To try for it, fill in the coupon at bottom and take it, don't mail it, to your Thom McAn store or dealer.*

When you get there, you'll see a place to deposit your entry coupon. You'll also see a shoe which we've cleverly placed under your nose. It's named for that machine up there, The GTO.

Of course, we hope you won't just stand there looking at it. We're hoping you'll get into this new shoe, walk around in it, give us \$10.99, and go out with it.

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*This contest opens November 11, 1966, and closes midnight December 12, 1966. Contestants may enter only once. The winner will be selected from eligible entries by drawing. Contest is void where prohibited by state law and is not available in Wisconsin. No purchase required to enter.



Riding brilliantly at New York's National, determined Kathy Kusner easily won the international jumping title. She is entitled to wear

A blue ribbon for looks, too

Kathy Kusner (*above*) is the prettiest champion in the world. If you prefer blondes or redheads or tall walkway girls or girls with violet eyes, you may protest "prettiest," because Kathy has brown hair, is 5 feet 4, weighs 103 pounds, and her eyes are brown. Moreover, after her performance in the international jumping at last week's National Horse Show in Madison Square Garden she must be considered the best woman rider in the U.S. and the best of her sex in competition anywhere.

The international events have been the feature of the National for 57 years, and last week they drew teams from

Canada, Ireland, Chile and Great Britain as well as the U.S., and an individual entry from Mexico. Kathy, riding superbly on Patrick Butler's seasoned Untouchable and newly imported Abertali, won the sash as leading rider on the show's first day, and she wore it straight through to the final performance seven days later. She became international champion with a thumping margin over her closest competitors, finishing with 42 points to Mrs. Frank Chapot's 28 and Gail Ross's 26.

"I'll ride horses forever," Kathy said eight years ago, when she was 18, an exaggeration attributable to youthful en-

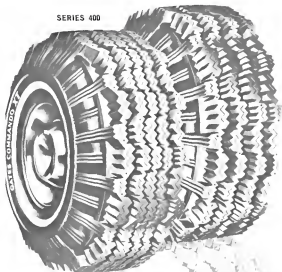
thusiasm but also an accurate reflection of her unswerving devotion to the sport. That same year she set a still-standing record with a jump of 7 feet 3 inches on a little gray mare named Freckles. Since then, refusing to go to college and avoiding all other distractions, she has ridden off with a remarkable string of championships all over the world. For a period, to acquire varied experience—"not just the glamour part," as she put it—she apprenticed herself to Steeplechase Trainer Mike Smithwick, cleaning stables and tack, exercising horses and walking hots. That paid off in race victories on the flat and over fences in Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania.

In 1961 she became the first of her sex in a decade to earn a place on the U.S. Equestrian Team and helped the team win a gold medal at the Pan American Games. At the Tokyo Olympics, however, she finished 13th in individual scoring—"which doesn't earn any medals," she remarked. Possibly because of her utter absorption in horses, Kathy has never developed ease in getting along with people, her shyness often taking the form of arrogance and outright rudeness. "Wouldn't the world be a lot simpler if it were full of horses?" she once plaintively protested to her father. A preference for horses over people may be responsible for her astonishing success in the highly competitive show world. As a rider, at any rate, her sense of timing, her courage and overwhelming drive enable her to leave the show ring regularly with the right color ribbon, and ungel a happy group of owners to offer her excellent mounts.

New York's National and, before that, Kansas City's American Royal both attracted more spectators and entries than ever in this most successful season in history. In New York the U.S. jumping team was by far the strongest, the talents of Miss Kusner, Bill Steinkraus and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chapot achieving victories in eight of the 11 international events. Canada won three. Two British newcomers, Anneh Drummond-Hay and Althea Roger Smith, did surprisingly well in several classes, but the Irish and Chileans were disappointing. They were referred to by some observers as "the demolition squads" as the rails flew from under their horses. Only the Canadians offered any challenge to the USET's dominance, then

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A good game for gamblers

I know bridge players who pride themselves on rarely making a mistake, but even if their pride were justified I would not choose one of these paragons as my partner. The reason is that such a player never risks doing anything very bad—which can only mean that he also never risks doing anything very good. Yet errors of omission are just as costly as errors of commission, even if they are not quite as apparent on the score sheet.

All of this is a somewhat roundabout way of introducing my friend Peter Leventritt, who brings off some of the finest coups ever seen at a bridge table. He is willing to take a chance on a snap deci-

sion when delaying would mean he could not try the play at all. There are some plays that simply cannot succeed if they are reached only after long thought.

Let me illustrate with a hand that Peter defended recently in the Knickerbocker Championships in New York City. If you would like to better appreciate what he succeeded in pulling off, cover the East and South hands for a moment and pretend that you are West defending against a contract of four spades.

South showed a strong hand by his jump rebid of three diamonds and an unbalanced distribution when he insist-

ed on a suit contract by taking North out of three no trump. I am sure that you would have decided against a heart lead as possibly helpful to the declarer, and no doubt you would have opened your singleton club, just as Leventritt did.

Dummy's queen won the first trick when East refused to cover, and declarer led dummy's 5 of diamonds. East put on the jack, declarer played the queen and your problem hour has arrived. If you win with the diamond king, what do you return?

The answer is that nothing you lead can defeat the hand. Probably your best chance is to return a diamond in the hope that East's jack is a singleton, but it is not. His 10 is taken by South's ace, and as you can see if you now remove your thumbs from the concealed hands, declarer's diamonds are high. He merely cashes the two top spades and leads a third spade, hoping that the suit will break, but can afford to be philosophical when it doesn't. The defenders can do no



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Both sides
vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH

♠ 8 5
♥ A 10 4 2
♦ 5 2
♣ Q J 9 8 5

WEST

♠ 10 7
♥ K J 9 7 5 3
♦ K 6 4 3
♣ 10

EAST

♠ Q J 4 4
♥ Q 8 6
♦ J 10
♣ K 6 4 3

SOUTH

♠ A K 9 3 2
♥ —
♦ A Q 9 8 7
♣ A 7 2

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♠	PASS	1 N.E.	PASS
2 ♠	PASS	3 N.E.	PASS
4 ♠	PASS	4 ♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 10 of clubs

better than win two trump tricks in addition to the king of diamonds, since when East wins his last trump, he must return a heart or a club, either of which enables South to take the second club finesse he needs to make the contract.

But Leventritt beat the hand. Without giving the matter any obvious thought, he let declarer win the second trick with the queen of diamonds. Now put yourself in declarer's place. When your ace of diamonds dropped East's 10 on the next diamond lead, wouldn't you confidently lead a third round of diamonds, expecting to ruff out East's king? That was what declarer tried, and look at the dividends Leventritt collected by throwing away the trick he might have won with his king of diamonds.

East overruffed dummy on the third round of diamonds and then returned a club for West to ruff. West led the king of diamonds and East overruffed dummy again. Then East led another club for Leventritt to ruff and the defense had four tricks. By taking a chance that he might lose a trick through failing to make his king of diamonds, Leventritt set an "unbeatable" hand. The play would not have worked, of course, if he had sat and thought about it.

It would not have helped declarer, by the way, to make a club discard on the ace of hearts after winning the first trick in dummy with the queen of clubs. After ruffing the fourth round of diamonds, East would lead a third club. If South tried to stop the ruff by trumping high, East would later win the setting trick with his king of trumps. **END**



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If all cars were displayed in the showroom like this,
7 out of 10 people would have nylon cord tires put on.





There are so many things to look at when you're buying a new car that the tires are the last things you notice (if you bother to notice them at all). If new cars were displayed like this, maybe the tires would be noticed first.

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Young pros with careers at stake

Even the coholder of a U.S. Open record, Rives McBee, never knew pressure like this



Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus and Billy Casper are famous for the occasions on which they have had to play golf under pressure, but a man named Rives McBee deserves credit for some notable experiences in that area, too. McBee is a friendly, pudgy Texan, who shot a record-tying 64 in the second round of the U.S. Open at the Olympic Club in San Francisco last June and went on to finish tied for 13th. But this was nothing compared to the situation that he and 96 other golfers faced the other day at the PGA National Golf Club in Palm Beach Gardens, Fla., where the PGA was holding its second annual tryout program for would-be touring pros. For eight rounds—144 holes—on the PGA's long, difficult East Course, McBee and the others competed for their futures. Only the 30 low scorers would get permission to go on the pro tour and thus have a shot at its \$4.5 million in purses. The rest would have to wait another year, or give up completely.

What these candidates needed just to be eligible to try to qualify each week for the tournaments on the tour was a wallet-sized, red-and-white Approved Tournament Player card. A professional who has been around long enough to have obtained PGA Class A status (five years) does not need the ATP card, but a pro with less seniority does. And he keeps it only if he performs well.

To attend this year's tryouts, each entrant first had to give up his amateur status—if he had not already done so—then send along with his entry a tuition fee of \$140. He also had to be prepared to spend up to an additional \$850 for transportation, room, board and caddy fees, and he had to be able to prove that he had \$6,500 to cover his expenses for his first six months on the tour. This last qualification had kept McBee out of the 1965 PGA tryout camp.

"I had no sponsor, just \$500 in the bank and a wife who was pregnant," says McBee, who was, and is, the assistant pro at the Midland Country Club in West Texas. "The PGA didn't figure that \$500 and a pregnant wife was much security, and neither did I."

The PGA exclusion plan does not apply to the U.S. Open, and McBee qualified for that. Then he had his glorious day in the San Francisco sun and found himself, though still ineligible to play

on the tour, suddenly an automatic starter in the tour's two biggest events, the 1967 Open and Masters.

"In a way it was embarrassing," McBee recalls. "When people asked me why I didn't play more tournaments I had to tell 'em I didn't have a player's card."

What McBee soon had, however, was sponsors. A group of 12 agreed to back him for three years, and on October 1 McBee took leave of his club duties and moved to the practice tee to prepare for his 144-hole ordeal.

"I worked hard," he says, "but what I really needed most was the experience of playing under pressure."

Of last year's 17 tryout graduates, only John Schlee, who has won \$20,000, and Dave Marad, with \$7,000, have made any sort of showing on the pro tour. The other 15 have won only \$12,000 among them, and eight of them have not earned a penny. But the Class of 1966 looked considerably more potent. Competing were several strong youngsters with outstanding amateur records, including hefty Jim Weathers and 1965 Walker Cuppers Dave Eichelberger and Mark Hopkins, as well as a talented foreign contingent, including Australia's Bob Stanton and South Africa's Allan Henning, brother of Harold. There also were 12 golfers fresh from the tour who recently had lost their playing cards for generally indifferent performance, and 14 nonqualifiers from last year who had come back determined not to be two-time losers.

One of the latter was Harry Toscano, a muscular, 180-pound 6-footer from New Castle, Pa. Toscano, 24, was the Pennsylvania amateur champion in 1964 and had developed his game at the University of Houston's well-known school of golf. He showed up two weeks before the tournament to practice and study the course, and at the end of the seven days of play he had won first place with a four-under-par 572. This represented a 45-shot improvement over his score in 1965, but Toscano was not improved. "I'd hate to be the one to say who is qualified to play for his living on the tour and who isn't," he said. "Maybe this tournament is a step in the right direction, but it may only prove who is playing well this week on this kind of course."

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flair, cutting corners and hammering the ball right at the flagstick because he has to, he is a very short hitter.

"I know there are a whole bunch of guys on the tour right now that I could beat eight days a week," he said at mid-tournament. "But this course is just too long for me. It's a wood or a long iron to every hole. If they're going to hold a qualifying event at all, why don't they round everyone up and bring 'em all in? I'll guarantee you there are guys winning good money out there who'd have a hard time shooting 75 here."

McBee, too, had a hard time shooting 75. Cold, hungry, wet and angry, he shot 81 during a 7-inch deluge on the second day. He was caught in the rain again late on the fifth day and after 90 holes was four shots out of the 30th position.

Fearful now that he was blowing his last chance to become a touring pro—a career he refers to as the ambition of his life—he began to attack the course. A par 72 moved him to within a shot of the select group.

The last day called for 36 holes, and on the morning round McBee shot a fine 69. This put him five strokes ahead of the cutoff pace, with just 18 holes to play.

"I thought it would be easy, that I'd play a nice, safe commercial round," says McBee. "Then I started choking, just like everybody else."

Instead of hitting the middle of the greens, McBee hit the middle of the bunkers. By the time he reached the final tee, he was six over. He was told he needed to border this 457-yard par 4 to make it, and with the wind in his face he really had little hope. He hooked his drive into a trap, topped the ball out, was wide of the green with his next shot, chipped on, missed a 395-foot putt for a double-hogey 6 and prepared to spend the rest of his life giving lessons in Midland, Texas. But when he got to the scoreboard he found the pressure had hit others as well. His 603 was good enough to tie for 30th, and he was in.

"It was a sloppy way to wind up," he said later. "I finished 31 shots back of Toscano, but my ATP card is the same color as his. Some people are going to be surprised when I get out on the tour. You can't judge by what went on in that try-out school. We were under the kind of pressure no one will ever be able to appreciate unless he goes through it. It wasn't just for a check, it was for a year of our lives. Maybe more."

END



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The Dogmeat Was Hard to Swallow

Being both a topical essay describing the adventures of two neighborhood-type bridge pigeons who find themselves among a field of wolfish Life Masters in the richest tournament ever held and an illuminating commentary on the vanity of man

BY JACK OLSEN

CONTINUED



This is the story that answers the question: Can a man from a little mining town in the West find fame and fortune playing rubber bridge for big money? The answer is no.

It began when a magazine editor and bush-league bridge player named Ray Cave collared me on a trip to New York and said, "Hey, there's a \$20,000 rubber-bridge tournament in Las Vegas. Richest tournament in the history of bridge. Let's you and me enter."

"Well, I would love to, Ray," I said, "but I have to play quarterback for the Packers. Bart's not feeling so good."

As Cave slunk off, stung by my sarcasm, I wondered whether he was cracking up. A \$20,000 bridge tournament in Las Vegas would attract every hotshot bridge player in the U.S., plus all the card cheats, big-time hustlers and Life Masters that could afford the fare. Where would Cave and I stand in a gathering of eagles like this?

We were both what the experts describe as "dogmeat," "bait" or "fish." A once-a-month game with the neighbors was our *milieu*, and the neighbors aren't named Goren. Of the two of us, Cave was the better. He had been playing for about 20 years and once amassed 1½ master points in a serious fling at

duplicitate bridge. He figured to become a Life Master in his 17th or 18th incarnation, provided he could figure out a way to carry his points over. Myself, I held a grand total of zero master points. When I played, which was practically never, it was for a 10th of a cent a point and, if I didn't show up, my opponents would send a cab for me. I usually referred to myself as the bridge champion of Gilpin, Colo.—which sounds pretty good if you don't know that Gilpin is a ghost town inhabited only by me, Earl Hoffman and one or two sterner gold panners, none of whom plays bridge.

A few evenings after Cave's suggestion, I found myself whiling away an evening playing against three lovely ladies, and the impossible happened: one of them played worse than I did! This sweet, white-haired lady, an executive of a big corporation and an exemplary person in all other regards, played and bid her cards like an inmate of a maximum-security ward. She could not count trumps, or any other suit, she bid and led out of turn, she thought that a small slam was a slap in the face and that you became vulnerable by having overtrick penalties. At the end of three agonizing hours of "bridge," the sweet, white-haired lady was the only winner. She had totaled 3,600 points; everybody else was minus. She had held the right cards. At rubber bridge she was unbeatable.

The next morning I sought out Cave. "Put on your sneakers," I said. "We're going to Las Vegas."

Now we were standing in the lobby of the Sands Hotel in Las Vegas, world's capital of *gouche*, blinking in the glare of sequined dresses and numbed by the noise of slot machines. Cave seemed extra jumpy and so was I, and the paging system did nothing to relieve our anxieties. "Telephone call for Oswald Jacoby," the voice would blare. "Call for Mr. Tobias Stone. Paging Mr. Howard Schenken. . . . Harold Ogust. . . . Jim Jacoby. . . . Robert Nail. . . . Ivan Erdos. . . ."

"Do they ever page anybody except

international bridge champions?" Cave asked.

"Yes," I said. "A while ago I heard a page for Cliff Russell. He's just a national bridge champion."

This was the day before we were scheduled to play 48 hands of bridge against some of these people, and we both had the shakes. At dinner that night a spot of red showed up in my *vichyssoise*, and that's how we found out my nose was bleeding. Cave was very intolerant about the whole thing. He had had *du* nosbleed at lunch. Lena Horne came onstage to entertain us—that was included in the \$200 tournament fee—but I failed to hear a note. I was too busy worrying. What would happen in the morning when everybody found me out? How could I face my friends back in Gilpin, Colo. when the scandal was exposed? It wasn't just that I was a bad player. *I didn't know how to keep score!* For 15 years I had been playing bridge and pushing the score sheet toward somebody else. But the rules of the Sands Hotel First Annual International Bridge Tournament clearly specified that everybody had scoring responsibilities. I was certain to be found out.

I noticed that Cave was barely picking at his *médailles de boeuf*. "What's the matter with you?" I whispered. "You're not paying any attention to Lena Stone."

"Horne," he said. "And I can't tell you what's the matter with me. I'm too ashamed."

"You're gonna have another bloody nose?"

"Worse than that."

"What is it? You can tell me. I'm your partner."

Cave looked around to see if he could possibly be overheard. Then he whispered, "I can't shuffle."

I jumped. "You can't shuffle?" I said.

"For God's sake, keep your voice down!" Cave said.

"You've got us into a \$20,000 bridge tournament, and you can't shuffle?"

Cave stared at his food. "Look," I said, "let's talk this over."



While the Masters polished their bidding, Olsen practiced keeping score.



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Dogmeat *continued*

Back in the room Cave explained that normally he could shuffle as well as the next player, but under the least bit of pressure he folded. "My hands start trembling, and the cards fly all over the place. I just can't help it. It goes back years."

"To what?"

"Well, one night my wife and I entered a little duplicate tournament in the YMCA in Baltimore. We were scared to death and she was riffling the deck be-



Cave wasn't afraid of Stone or Jacoby. He was afraid of having to shuffle.

fore the first hand and one card got away and went straight up in the air and came down in a cup of coffee."

"Now, compose yourself, Ray," I said.

"And our opponents looked at us as though we had just committed some unpardonable social error. And ever since then I haven't been able to shuffle."

To help calm him down, I confessed that I did not know how to keep score. He smacked his forehead with his hand and suggested that there were only two avenues open to us: we could sit up all night practicing shuffling and scoring or we could kill ourselves. So there we sat, the two bridge demons, Cave mixing the cards over and over, me studying a Goren scoring napkin. Once Ray said, "Another thing tomorrow. Play fast and you won't look like an amateur."

"That makes me play worse," I said.

"Yeah, but if you play fast they think

you must have had some clever reason to do what you did. They see clever reasons you'd never think of."

"O.K.," I said. "Now be quiet. I'm learning how to score slams."

At 3 in the morning we broke the study session. "All I want to do the first day is to remember who dealt and if it's my opening lead and no misdeals," Cave said prayerfully.

"And all I hope is I can remember that clubs and diamonds are 20 each," I said, "and spades and hearts are 30 each and a little slam vulnerable is 1,000."

"Seven fifty," said Cave.

The great masters were ready.

Alfred Sheinwold, author, bridge champion and director of the tournament, delivered the opening remarks the next day. "This is the biggest money bridge tournament ever held," Sheinwold said, looking out over a sea of Schenken and Jacobys and Stones and a little puddle of Cave and Olsen, "but we're going to keep it on a very relaxed basis and not be rough with anybody. . . . If you lead out of turn or misdeal or something like that, it's not the end of the world."

"Oh, yes, it is!" Cave muttered.

"We'll swap the decks around to help prevent any cheating," Sheinwold went on, "and we'll have some casino men around who'll know what to look for if anybody starts dealing too skillfully."

Sheinwold said that only "Standard American bridge" would be played, but that each pair would be permitted three deviations, a remark which caused some raised eyebrows in the sophisticated audience. He meant that players would be expected to bid and play in roughly the normal style, but that teams could have a maximum of three special conventions or understandings, provided they carefully explained them in advance to their opponents. None of this meant a thing to Cave and me. Clean-cut fellows, we played as we lived: with no deviations. Our only conventions were second hand low, third hand high and always start with the fork at the farthest left unless you skip the salad.

Grimly we headed for the table and our first match. We would have to play eight-hand matches against each of six

continued



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pairs and repeat the ordeal against six other pairs the next day. To qualify for the knockout matches for the big money, we had to win six of our first 12 matches. Ha-ha. "Now, don't worry, Ray," I said. "You'll shuffle just fine."

"And you'll score just fine," he said. "The only thing I ask is that you promise not to cry."

"I can't promise," I said.

We arrived at our assigned table in a card room approximately two miles long, and there were our opponents, two middle-aged, white-haired men wearing white, short-sleeved shirts and the expressions of zombies—highly intelligent zombies. They looked like they had just walked out of a poker room in a James Bond movie. They extended limp hands by way of introduction, looked at our made deviation sheet, showed us their frightfully complex one and handed Ray a new deck of cards to shuffle. My heart began pounding.

Ray turned to one of the opponents. "Wouldn't you like to shuffle?" he said, offering the cards.

"No," the man said without looking up.

The first time Ray brought the two halves together to shuffle they didn't quite touch, and he achieved nothing. Then the whole deck squirted up in the air in a perfect two-and-a-half with a full twist in the layout position, but with his shaking hands Ray somehow caught everything on the way down. He gave the cards a couple of riffles and they merged! He had shuffled! Let people say what they want, for my money Ray Cave never stood so tall.

I saw the opponents give each other a quick look that seemed to signify something or other, but I couldn't figure out what. Ray won the cut for deal and opened the bidding with one tremulous heart, but the opposition won the auction with a bid of three diamonds. Hardly had play begun when I accidentally dropped a card on the table. "That's an exposed card!" one of the white-haired men announced. I certainly didn't think it was an original Velázquez, but he shook me with his pouncing attitude, and I said stupidly, "Oh, is it?"

A few leads later, after Cave had failed

to show up with certain high cards, the declarer sniffed the air as though something smelled, placed his hand on the table face down, fixed Cave with a steely look and said, "Do you bid psychs?" (A psychic bid, or psych, is any utterly meaningless bid completely unjustified by the cards you hold, and if you make such crazy bids, which we didn't, you must announce your habit to the opponents in advance, which we hadn't.)

"No," Cave said.

"Well, sir," the opponent said, searing me half to death, because I knew that the only time bridge players call you sir is when you're in trouble, "you certainly bid a psych this time!"

"I did!" said Cave, turning a cowardly ashen.

"Yes, you did!" the man said hotly. He played out the hand, went down one and shouted, "Director!" This was the nightmare we had dreaded the most, and here it was happening on our first hand. The man was going to lodge an official complaint. One of the directors, a Solomonese little man, listened to our opponent's argument in toto, and then said softly, "Well, thank you. I'll make a note of it, and if you have any more problems, call me." To Cave and me it sounded like: "Well, we'll let these card cheats get away with it this time, but if they try anything again we'll throw 'em out!"

If our team had the trembles before the match started, now we had locomotor ataxia, Bell's palsy and Saint Vitus's dance combined. A few hands after the director was called, we held enough cards for a laydown small slam in hearts, but we were too shaken to bid it. Ray misdealt twice. I gave up trying to keep score and asked Ray to do it, the opponents bid and made a slam, and the ball game was over. The little judge wandered over to us and said, "I see they scared you out of it." He explained that Ray's opening bid of one heart on a holding of

♠ x ♥ K J 10 x x x ♦ Q ♣ Q J 10 x x

had not been a very good bid, "but under no circumstances could it be considered a psychic bid or unethical."

Did he mean . . . ?

"Sure. They were just trying to make

a fuss, to rattle you. They had no business calling the director on a bid like that."

Alfred Sheinwald joined the discussion. "Well," he said, after studying Ray's hand, "what you made was a gulfic bid—the kind of bid that you make and then gulp. But it could never be taken as a psych. They were trying to bug you."

They had succeeded.

I hurried to my room to get a tranquilizer, and couldn't find any. My wife had hidden them. I raced back for our second match. "Nice day, sir," a friendly receptionist said as I dashed by.

"Fine, thank you," I answered.

Ray grabbed me before I sat down. "Now, listen," he said in the avuncular manner he sometimes affects. "Just forget all about that last match. We followed suit, didn't we?"

"Mostly," I said.

"And we didn't do anything wrong, did we?"

"No. But they said we did."

"Well, never mind. Just settle down and have fun." His voice sounded on edge. "Just have fun!" he commanded.

We wobbled over to the table and shook hands with two of the most nondescript-looking opponents you ever laid eyes on. I didn't get their names, but I could tell instantly that they were a long way from the genius level. One of them wore a sort of hangdog look, à la Buster Keaton, but he did manage an occasional forced friendly smile, like a puppy at the vet's. The other had longish hair, curling at the back, like a 17th century professor of philology at Heidelberg. He, too, seemed to be going out of his way to act pleasant. Buster Keaton began a long explanation of their "deviations." Neither Cave nor I could follow him, although we kept nodding our heads in frantic agreement. When Buster was finished, the professor chimed in with something about the "Astro" convention. "Of course," he said, "we play Roth-Stone, and our club bids tend to be forcing and artificial." This gave me the terrible temptation to say, "Ours tend to be stupid and inaccurate," but I restrained myself. We were off.

At the beginning Cave and I picked

continued



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up practically every picture card, and we jumped into a quick and solid lead. But what sportsman our opponents turned out to be! Once I led out of turn, and they simply told me to put the card back in my hand. When Cave and I put up what seemed to me to be a singularly poor defense and I commented, "No *contenders*," Buster Keaton said, "Well I thought you defended very well."

The professor mentioned that they had lost their first match, and something about his modest manner touched my heart. The poor fellows. Here were Cave and I, playing just for the hell of it, and we were about to inflict a second straight loss on these fellows who, no doubt, took their bridge very seriously and yet were being so *sporty* about losing. They weren't dressed very well (one of them wore shower clogs), and maybe they had spent all their money getting to Las Vegas to play. I almost felt like taking a dive. But, as luck would have it, they picked up a good hand and scored a game. Now we were coming into the eighth and final deal, with our side still enjoying a diminished but comfortable lead. The professor did some figuring, and it developed that the only way they could beat us was to rack up at least four no trump, an extremely unlikely happening. I dealt the cards.

NORTH
(Buster Keaton)

♠ 9 7 x x
♥ K J
♦ A Q J
♣ 8 x x

WEST
(Me)

♠ K Q 8 x x
♥ 9 x
♦ x x x
♣ A 10 x

EAST
(Doc)

♠ 10 x
♥ A x x x x
♦ x x x x
♣ x x

SOUTH
(The Professor)

♠ A J
♥ Q 10 x x
♦ K 10 x
♣ Q J x x

Buster Keaton opened the bidding with one club, the professor bid a heart, Buster bid a spade, the professor bid two no trump, and Buster raised him to three. I led fourth from my longest and strongest suit—which is routine to most players but to me is a very skillful

avant-garde play—and the professor won the trick in his hand with the jack of spades. Immediately he had to figure which outstanding ace to knock out, the club or the heart, assuming each hand held one ace. He had to hope that whichever ace he decided to knock out would turn up in my hand, because if it didn't, Ray would win the trick and lead spades back and they would be down like dirty dogs. It was a 50-50 guess, with no information to go on except my Cheshire-cat grin, and the professor lucked into the right decision. He led a club, and when I took my ace he was cold for four no trump and the match. But we had lost by only 10 points. Ten points! The smallest amount possible! It was like losing a football game 61-60.

"Thanks," I said, proffering my hand to Buster Keaton. "Win or lose, you sure were nice guys to play against. By the way, what was your name again?"

"Ivan Endos," he said with a gracious smile.

"Oh," I said, with my customary savoir faire, "I know of an Ivan Endos in Los Angeles. Just wrote a very funny book called *Bridge A-La-Carte*. He's a bridge teacher."

"That's me," Buster Keaton said.

My mouth dropped. I turned to the professor. "If he's Ivan Endos, then you're..."

"That's right," the professor said.

Tobias Stone! The great international player! The man who co-invented the Roth-Stone system. The widely known eccentric genius who taught his wife how to play bridge and then partnered her to more master points in a single year than any novice had ever won before. The terrible-tempered Tobias Stone who burned partners at the stake and squelched opponents with the most fiendish ruses! The same Tobias Stone who many claimed would be the best player in the world except for his temper tantrums, and many others claimed was the best in the world, temper tantrums notwithstanding.

I turned puce, or so the professor said later. I overheard him telling another expert, "And when this guy found out who I was, he turned puce. He literally turned puce!"

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Dogmeat *continued*

The rest of the day was anticlimax. After you've played Stone and Erdos and lost by 10 points, nobody else is likely to rattle you. We lost our third match in a row, finally won a match by holding stupendous hands that even a Jukes-Kallikak team could not have messed up, and came into our fifth match of the tournament with a stirring record of one win and three losses. Right away we began losing again, and soon we were so far down that in desperation I pushed Cave into two contracts that Charles Goren, playing double-dummy with Ely Culbertson at his elbow, could not have made. Under this pressure, Cave revoked, and immediately one of the opponents, a wizened man who looked like Uriah Heep after a luncheon of pickles, leaned forward and said in a voice choked with happiness, "I'm afraid, sir, you revoked!" He jotted down the penalty with a big flourish of the pen, announced that at this juncture we could not win the match even if we grand-slammed, and departed our company, his feet barely touching the floor. Cave said, "Listen, Jack, if you ever—" "Calm yourself," I interrupted, "and remember: have fun!"

Somehow or other we managed to win our sixth and last match of the day and finished the first session with a record of 2 and 4. At the next table Oswald Jacoby, the undisputed genius who has accumulated more master points than any other player in the history of bridge, finished the day with a record of 1 and 5. We might be dogmeat, but we were plainly better than Jacoby.

That night Cave and I had one of our innumerable skull sessions. "Look," Ray said, "we played six matches and we're 2 and 4 and all that keeps us from being 3 and 3 is a match we lost by 10 points to the best team in the tournament. Doesn't that tell you something?"

"Yeah," I said. "It tells me that God is not dead."

"What it adds up to," he said, "is that dogmeat *does* have a chance. We can't win, maybe, but we can draw good cards and scare 'em." Ray said that from now on we were going to be tigers. We

were not going to shake and tremble. "If we're gonna lose," he said, "let's lose through ignorance, not cowardice."

"Yes," I growled, "we're tigers. We'll go out there and kill 'em. We're ready for anybody." And we were. Except Harold Ogust and Cliff Russell.

Ogust is an international player who will clobber you at the bridge table in the morning, kill you on the tennis court in the afternoon and embalm you at gin rummy in the evening. Russell's calm exterior belies his several championships and a competitive drive as strong as Ogust's. After two hands and an opposing slam, we were 1,600 points down, and if we had been tigers, they had been tyrannosaurs. But Cave dealt us a slam of our own, made a doubled contract and suddenly we were back in the match. We even had the satisfaction of seeing the other partnership arguing. After a round of bidding in which they had failed to reach game, the soft-spoken Russell said, "Harold, with me that three-spade bid is forcing."

"With me? With me?" erupted Mr. Ogust. "What is all this with-me stuff? We're playing partnership bridge! You're always saying, 'With me this is forcing!' Well, with bridge it isn't!"

By the time the explosion was over, we were down to the last hand and all Cave and I needed was a game to win the match. We didn't get it and, to make matters worse, Ogust and Russell explained how we could have won if we hadn't made certain key mistakes. They were only trying to help us, they said. Thanks a lot, we said. Until then we had been living in a fool's paradise.

We lost our next match so badly that we had to concede again after the seventh hand. So now we came into the last four matches of the qualifying round, and all we had to do to qualify was win four in a row.

"Well, what the hell," I said. "We've sure had fun."

"That was the whole idea," said the wise old Cave.

Playing our cards with gay abandon, we won our next match against a whistler and a hummer who should be banned forever from whistling and humming in a \$20,000 event. In a \$10,000

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event, O.K., but not in a \$20,000 event.

Then we beat a professional tournament director and his millionaire partner and thereby removed their last chance to qualify, and we followed up this accident by knocking out another pair who had been on the edge of elimination. That made three miracles in a row and brought us into our last match needing one more miracle to qualify for the knockout finals and a chance for the money. "Who're we playing?" I asked. "I don't know," Ray said, "but I understand it's another pair that needs to win this last match to qualify."

A few minutes later our opponents sauntered over to the table. They turned out to be Henry Baer, Dallas attorney and Life Master, and James Jacoby, son of Oswald and himself a bridge columnist and international competitor. They had just lost to Jacoby Sr. and Curt Smith, and now they were desperate. A director came over and said we were going to play in the "fishbowl," the public arena where dozens of kibitzers can look on. We were famous! The public was clamoring to see *Cave and me!*

"Everybody's interested in this match," the director added coldly. "It's the Jacoby team's last chance to qualify."

"It's our last chance, too," I said huffily.

"Amazing," the director said, without intonation.

We were allowed to remain at the same table, away from the fishbowl, after I explained that kibitzers made me nervous. Ray also voted against the fishbowl on the grounds that he might faint. This satisfied the directors. Alfred Shemwold, the boss of the whole tournament, came over to make sure that everything was in order for this crucial match between the Jacoby-Baer team and the Cinderella entry of so-and-so and so-and-so. A woman embraced young Jacoby and said, "I wish you luck."

"Wish him luck?" Cave grunted. "How could he have any more luck than to be playing against us?"

"Yes, but you guys are just horsing around," Jacoby said in mock seriousness. "This is my business. You are threatening my livelihood."

"Some threat!" I said.

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Dogmat

On the first deal Henry Baer exposed a queen of spades and had to deal over again. It was obvious that, unlike Cave, he had not done his homework. By the third hand Cave and I were 1,100 points ahead. Aces and kings will always defeat queens and jacks, no matter who holds them. Now other greats began to flock around. When I saw Sheinwald pull up a chair behind me, and Tobias Stone sit down behind Cave, I knew that we had at last arrived in never-never land.

My reveries were interrupted by a frightening enemy. They made a game and then racked up two quick part scores for another game and a 700 rubber, and all of a sudden it had come down to the last hand again and the two Life Masters needed only 70 points, any 70 points, to beat the two stiff with the smart-aleck grins. The last hand was dealt.

NORTH (Declarer)		
♠	A K	
♥	A K	
♦	A K	
♣	A K J	
WEST (Pass)		
♠	A K	
♥	A K	
♦	A K	
♣	A K	
EAST (Defender)		
♠	A K	
♥	A K	
♦	A K	
♣	A K	
SOUTH (Dummy)		
♠	A K	
♥	A K	
♦	A K	
♣	A K	

Ray opened the bidding with three hearts, which normally would have been a bad bid but which in this case was aimed at cutting down our opponents' bidding space and their chances to confuse us in this all-or-nothing hand. But Jacoby did not need any bidding space. He said four diamonds. There were two passes, and after a long pause Cave passed because he didn't have any idea who had what and he didn't have the nerve to risk being set at four hearts. The crowd wailed. I led a little heart and to my horror Jacoby ruffed it. I could see us losing another match by next to no points and I would never play bridge again or talk to Jacoby or read his column. Jacoby laid down the

continued



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Dogmeat continued

king of clubs. I didn't take the ace, out of spite, and then he led the ace of diamonds, drawing Cave's one and only trump. When he led another club, I skinned down the ace in a tigersh style and then I returned another club. Jacoby won the trick in dummy and played another club, which I trumped while he sloughed a spade from his hand. When I laid down the king of spades and followed it with the queen, Jacoby threw in the hand for down one. He had held 100 honors, and, therefore, he and Baer had lost the match by 20 points. They were out and Cave and I were in! It was, as some boor loudly observed, the greatest victory for dogmeat since plastic bags.

The two Texans offered congratulatory handshakes. "I can see the cover of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* now," Jacoby cracked. "A great big picture of you two, and a line 'The Greatest Bridge Players in the World'."

I said, "Jim, I don't say we're the greatest. Among the greatest, yes. But not the greatest."

"Jack's right," the beaming Cave said modestly. "We don't want to say we're the greatest. If others want to say it, that's their business."

Boy, were we having fun now!

And thus it was that the legendary team of Ray Charles Cave and John Edward Olsen entered the third phase of its short career in big-time bridge. We had started as wide-eyed innocents, hothouse flowers ready to wilt at the first dirty look from the opponents. And then we had discovered a secret weapon—aces and kings—and this had turned us into tigers. But now we were in the knockout finish, with a real crack at \$20,000. We had almost beaten Erdos and Stone, we had given Ogust and Russell a run for their money, and we had eliminated the classy team of Jacoby and Baer. That night as we strolled around the hallowed halls of the Sands, we realized that we had entered the ultimate stage: we had become *familiars*, regulars, peers of some of the great names of bridge. Several international stars invited us to dinner. Sheremiloff started calling us by our first names. Cave bumped into Oswald Jacoby and blurted out, "Hi, Ozziel!" and

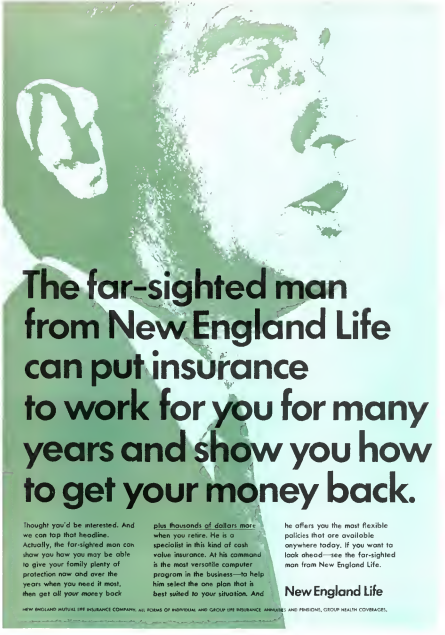
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Jacoby didn't hit him. I came across Tobias Stone explaining a hand that had been played at another table, and he was saying, "As Jack said, the minute Lou made the slam bad, the match was over, mathematically over."

"Jack who?" I asked.

"Jack who?" Stone said, and slapped me on the shoulder. "Why, Jack you, you idiot!" Imagine! Tobias Stone had been quoting me to some of the bridge players.

Back in my room, I said to my wife, "You should have heard what Stony was just saying."

"Who?"

"Stony."

"You mean Tobias Stone?"

"Yeh, Stony."

"You'll get yours!"

We got ours the next day, against the husband-and-wife team of Howard and Bee Schenken. Not long ago Bee (Gale) Schenken was reckoned one of the best female players alive, and her husband, a bridge columnist and author, had been in the world's top 10 for almost three decades. We never had a chance against them. Or did we? On the third hand of the 12-hand knockout match, Howard Schenken led and made a small slam in clubs. He made the slam because the king of hearts was in my hand. Had it turned up in Cave's hand instead, Schenken would have been set and dogmeat would have won the match. Hooray for dogmeat! They laughed when we sat down at the bridge table, but let me tell you who eventually wound up playing head-to-head in the grand final match.

- The Schenkens, who had beaten us by an offside king.
- Erdos and Stone, who had beaten us by 10 points.

The two pairs played 32 hands for the money, and the Schenkens were in the game until the very last hand, when they had to make a little slam and couldn't come up with the cards. Erdos and Stone collected \$13,360 and the Schenkens \$5,680. There were congratulations all around, and the Stones invited Cave and me to dinner and a show. At dinner I told Stony that frankly I thought he had been lucky to beat us and that we would be glad to play him and Erdos anytime.

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Dogmeat

anyplace. "You experts have been hoaxing the world for years," said the Beaujolais and I. "Cave and I will take you on and beat you right now."

"What exactly is it you are suggesting?" Stone said.

"I suggest we play a simple match, four hands, for a substantial side bet. And if you don't understand the game, we'll be glad to explain it to you."

At 2 o'clock in the morning we went to the now-darkened bridge room and settled into the black leather chairs in the now-hushed fishbowl, while dozens of imaginary kibitzers rushed for position. Stone dealt the cards, 13 to me, 13 to Cave, 14 to Erdos and 12 to himself. "What's the matter, Stone?" I said. He redcut without comment.

On the first hand Stone and Erdos bid and made four spades. On the second

hand they bid and made a slam in spades. Cave butchered the third hand so beautifully that James Stone got up from her kibitzing chair screaming. "Oh, it's the funniest hand I've ever seen! I can't stand to watch!" On the fourth hand Cave and I eked out one no trump. We had lost the grand-challenge grudge match, and the 51-side bet, by 1,360 points.

"Never mind," I said as our opponents pushed their chairs back from the table. "Next year's another year. *Cave and I will be back!*" Stone and Erdos disappeared into the shadows, muttering something. Ray told me I had made a frightful mistake, shooting off my mouth, and after I thought about it I had to admit he was right. I had given Stone and Erdos too much of an advantage by telling them we would be back next year.

Now they'll practice.

END



The challenge was accepted and the two teams sat down in the darkened hall to settle once and for all just who was the dogmeat.

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In 1937 the editor of *The Fighter*, a monthly boxing magazine published in Vancouver, B.C., wrote asking for a photograph to use beside my column of California news. With a heady feeling of having arrived, I had a picture taken at Walker's Studio in my home town of Taft, a small community in southern California.

In the resulting portrait I looked disarmingly young. My smile was boyish, and my hair—though combed—only reluctantly under control. I had had the good sense to put on a necktie, one of my father's, but I hadn't worn a suit, principally because I didn't have one.

Who would take "Cuffs from California" seriously, I worried, if the writer who confidently named young Archie Moore as the prospect of the month and fearlessly labeled the Marvin Rosenbloom-Big Boy Bräy match a clown act was revealed to look like a schoolboy? With misgiving I sent in the photograph, wishing it made me look older than my age, which was 15.

I had made my debut a month before early in my junior year in high school—in the first issue of *The Fighter*, which had been started by David Cadavaz, a Canadian pen pal in his 20s. David, whose address was the same as that of a family restaurant advertised in *The Fighter*, described the magazine as "the voice of boxing, a good, clean boxing magazine for the Pacific coast." He invited me to cover California, apologizing for being unable to offer payment, saying that in the beginning he would love money and would need all he had saved to keep the magazine going.

The chance to write a boxing column was payment enough. I had followed professional boxing since the eighth grade and, though I'd never seen a match, it sounded more exciting than anything my home town had to offer, far more exciting, too, than law, which was the profession my father was determined I should follow.

Through writing to ask for photographs, I had started corresponding with a number of boxers, past and present. What better sources of information could any columnist ask? Among my friends were Claude Varner, a leading featherweight contender, who told interesting stories about such things as boxing an exhibition with Ted Morgan (a former junior lightweight champion) in a hon's cage in Australia and having an audience with Adolf Hitler when he accompanied Steve Hamas, his

Opening Bell for the Scribe

A boy of 15 who was already a professional boxing columnist found it hard to settle down to lessons in school books **by BILL RINTOUL**

stallmate, to Germany for Steve's match with Max Schmeling, Milt Aron, a ranking welterweight (and the only man to knock out Fritzie Zivic), a camera enthusiast who developed and printed pictures, often sending me prints with information in pencil on the back giving the exposure data, and Max Marek, a Chicago heavyweight who had beaten Joe Louis in the amateurs, a highly literate man who described his library as his prize possession.

Though the picture I sent David never appeared—he thanked me but offered no explanation, for which I was grateful—the subject of pictures did come up again. David asked me to round up "mats" for use in printing pictures. The term was new to me. Fortunately, I'd begun a correspondence with a manager from San Francisco named Norm Smiley, who managed a promising lightweight, Newshoy Joe Gavras. I wrote Norm asking if he had any mats, hoping he'd know what I was talking about.

By return mail, Norm sent a rectangular piece of thin, purplish cardboard on one side of which, hemmed in by rolling borders, a pattern of dots appeared. By holding the cardboard to catch side light, I could make Newshoy Joe Gavras emerge, crouching as if to wade in. Norm wrote a short note, sounding slightly skeptical but displaying a willingness to go along if a mat was indeed what I wanted. I enclosed the mat with my next column, in which I predicted Joe Louis would knock out Max Schmeling, if and when they met for a second time.

The picture of Newshoy Joe Gavras appeared on the cover. Immensely proud of my role, I wrote David for extra copies, which I forwarded to Norm. The return letter was effusive. Norm thanked me on behalf of himself and the Newshoy, stating the fine play would undoubtedly help in getting the Newshoy the breaks to which he was entitled. Norm concluded by saying he had spoken

to his friend Hyman Levy, who edited *The Referee*, a weekly boxing magazine published in San Francisco, telling Hyman what a great little writer I was, and Hyman had agreed to run a column by me. Unfortunately, since there was so little money in such publishing ventures, Hyman would be unable to pay, except with a free subscription. However, Norm wrote, the column would give me valuable experience.

I wasted no time writing my first column for *The Referee*, including in it excerpts from letters from Bar Bantelino, a former featherweight champion who said newspaper reports he was broke were exaggerated, Joe (Hoyoski), an ex-harekackle lighter whose last bout with Jim Corbett had been stopped by police (Hoyoski reported that at 68 he still skipped rope and punched the bag); George Chip, a former middleweight champion, who described each of his 15 fights with Jack (the Giant Killer) Dillon as a tough one, and Max Marek, who gloised over a 10-round decision over Art Oliver to tell me he had just finished *Gone with the Wind* and recommended I read it.

My father took a dim view of my column-writing, since the advisor for the school yearbook had asked me to be assistant editor and I had turned him down, claiming schoolwork didn't leave sufficient time, not mentioning that the job sounded sophomoric now. When summer arrived and school was out my father suggested that we have a talk. The world beyond home, he explained, might be likened to a race in which the prizes would go to those who broke from the blocks quickest, who ran fastest, who tried hardest. In short, to the go-getters. If I were to win, the time to start running was drawing near. My father asked how I would like to work part-time in a law office running errands. It was plain he had already made a deal.

The lawyer in whose office I was to

continued



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Opening Bell

work was a man who wore a suit even in summer, handled cases that involved corporations and had a daughter—known at school as Alice the Gown.

Only after lengthy discussion bordering on argument did I succeed in postponing my start in the race of life. My mother helped, arguing that she needed me at home to take care of the lawn.

As summer wore on, a sense of defeat set in. I wouldn't have admitted it, but my interest in writing boxing columns was dwindling. There was a sameness about it, there wasn't any pay and I was beginning to wonder as I became better acquainted with the subject if professional boxing was as exciting as it had seemed. Perhaps it was only the heat, which often rose over 100° and scarcely dropped at night, or the afternoon wind that made a lonely sound in the cottonwoods, or the approach of school bringing the day closer when I would have to make up my mind whether I was going to be a lawyer.

Early in the summer I had sent an article on how to punch the light bag to a Washington syndicate. I had seen the syndicate's advertisement in a writer's magazine at the library. On the Saturday before school started I found in the mail, along with several magazines, a bulging envelope. Inside I found my article. My spirits fell. There was another sheet of paper in the envelope. I unfolded it apprehensively. The editor wrote they had found my article interesting and would be happy to consider it again if I cared to add a few paragraphs on where punching bags might be purchased, how much one might cost and how a boy might go about setting one up.

My first thought was that with additional words the article would bring more money. As I excitedly reread the letter, other thoughts occurred. If the syndicate bought the article on how to punch a punching bag, maybe they would buy an article on how to box or on how to wrestle. Maybe they, or someone else, would buy an article on how to build a track field, as my older brother had done in the orchard across the street. Suddenly the mountains rising in the distance heat haze did not look so formidable, and the wind that rustled the leaves of the cottonwoods did not sound lonely.

The problem of my career was settled. I had lots of articles to write and I had had lots of time to write them. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA. PHILADELPHIA (7-13) won two games, running its regular-season winning streak to 15 (including 16 at the end of last season) and winning a league record. Then the 76ers went to Boston to play the Celtics. End of streak. BOSTON (7-11) won handily 107-87 for its third straight victory and tied the Stars for the Eastern Division lead. Surprising NEW YORK (6-4) kept pace of team, by winning two of three. CINCINNATI (4-13) also took two of three, while BALTIMORE (3-10) lost all three games it played and fell deeper into the cellar in the West. CHICAGO (3-9) closed the week as the only divisional team above .500, winning three of five. DETROIT (3-15) the Western Division leader a week later; SAN FRANCISCO (3-16) dropped three of four during a disastrous week before beating the Bulls 123-117 on the Warriors' home court; and ST. LOUIS (4-9) lost two of three. Last place LOS ANGELES (1-13) fell to the Celtics 121-108 but defeated the Bulls 134-95 as Jerry West plays his first game of the season (scored 30 points in 36 minutes) after missing 10 games because of an injured heel.

BOWLING. WAYNE ZAHN of Atlanta averaged 119 for 60 games to win the PBA National Championship in Garden City, N.Y. Zahn's \$10,000 victory check gave him \$54,610 for the year, nearly \$20,000 more than Don Carter's record PGA earnings in 1962.

CHINA—THE U.S. TEAM at the Chen Olympics in Havana followed all four games to the Soviet Union team. The reason: a dispute following refusal of the Russians to accept on a two-hour delay the starting time of Bobby Fischer's game with Tigran Petrosian (because Fischer, for religious reasons, would not play before sundown) despite a request for understanding that the delay would be granted. The consequence: elimination of the U.S. from a chance of the world title.

FOOTBALL—NFL. ST. LOUIS (7-5-1) boosted its Eastern Division lead to 1½ games with a 20-17 victory over New York. L.A. (6-1) lost last Sunday's Chucky Johnson for the season when he tore a ligament in his right knee. Dallas (5-5-1) in its second and Cleveland (5-3-1) in third, both lost games with surprise defeats. Terry Bradshaw returned to the field and won his fourth game in leading PHILADELPHIA (4-6-1) to a 36-23 win over the Cowboys, while PITTSBURGH (3-5-1) got three field goals from Mike Clark to upset the Browns 16-14. Scrambling from Eastern Conference, struggling the Green Bay (2-7), defeated an MINNESOTA (1-6-1) defeated the Western Conference leaders 30-17 (game 10). The upset allowed BALTIMORE (16-7) to finish within half a game of the Packers, while Johnny Unitas proved for 34 yards and three touchdowns in a 37-10 win over Washington (5-4). SAN FRANCISCO (4-6-1) moved ahead of Los Angeles (4-5-1) after a third place by beating the Rams 12-10 in John Elway (24 for 27) and a fourth place by another. Wayne Walker of DETROIT (2-8-1) sacked an 11-yard field goal with 1:14 remaining, then returned while the Redskins of CLEVELAND (3-6-1) scored one of 25 yards with 16 seconds left, the last time 10-0.

APL. Only half a game apart and the three leaders in the Eastern Division were DENVER (12-7) atop Houston (4-5-1) 17-10 on rookie Quarterback Man Chisum's 64-yard touchdown run; at St. Louis with two seconds left in the game. Then San FRANCISCO (5-5-1), a 28-0 winner over Miami (2-8-1) into the lead and dropped the Packers into a second-place tie with side New York (4-1). In the West, KANSAS CITY (7-2-2) defeated the Rams second straight into a 24-14 victory over San Diego (3-6-1) and moved 1½ games ahead of the second place Los Angeles (5-4), so third, San Diego Houston (5-4) in third straight loss, 36-23.

BURNING BAKING. In his last race before retiring to stud, 4-year-old BRAD HANOVER, loved a record pace in the 1½-mile American Pacing Classic at Hawthorne Park before he followed it with a win and finished third behind TRUE DUANE (\$18,301) and Cardigan Bay. The winner's time of 2:09.5 broke the 1½-mile record by the distance by two seconds. Brad ended his career with 62 wins, five seconds and a third in 68 starts and a record \$222,616 in earnings.

A son and daughter of Adele, Standardbred racing's supreme, drew the most attention in the annual Hawthorne yearling sales. BRAD HANOVER, full

brother of Bollen Hanover, was bought for \$180,000 by Stanley Dwyer for the 4-year-old, and BEAUTIFUL HANOVER, full sister to Brad Hanover, was purchased by Joe O'Brien for the American Breeders for \$152,000, a record for Standardbred yearling filies.

HOCKEY—NHL. CHICAGO (5-4-0) lost its first game of the season, 3-2 to the Bruins, and first place during the week, but regained the lead with a 4-2 win over the Bruins. MONTREAL (4-2-1) slipped into first for 24 hours after a tie with the Maple Leafs and a win over the Red Wings. But the Canadiens fell back to second when the Red Wings beat them and fell TORONTO (2-5-1) grabbed a share of third with three ties and a victory, while DETROIT (3-5-1) was 3-1 for the week. NEW YORK (2-4-2) smashed the Bruins 7-1 in two games. Brad against the Leafs in a back-to-back series, losing one game and tying the other. BOSTON (2-5-1) in tie place, dropped into 16 a row after beating the Black Hawks.

HORSE RACING—REGAL. GLEAM (\$12,400, owned by Patrice Jacobs and ridden by Muriel Yonta, won the \$125,165 Velma Stakes by half a length over Quillo Queen and rest about clocked 2-year-old filly of the Year honors.

GAILER, a 4-year-old gelding, won the \$47,300 Melbourne Cup, Australia's most famous Thoroughbred race, by beating Mr. Bart Cummings his second straight cup triumph.

HORSE SHOWS. Paced by the brilliant riding of NATHAN LUNGER (age 20), the U.S. Equestrian Team triumphed in an overwhelming victory in the National Horse Show, held at the Madison Square Garden, scoring 121 points to 95 for runner-up Canada.

SOFTBALL. Marvin Sostek pitched a one-hitter and Bob Chalmers hit a home run as the Aurora (Ill.) Seabrooks, gained the world championship for the U.S. with a 4-1 win over Mexico. The victory was Aurora's 12th without a loss in its two-week competition in Mexico City.

TENNIS. The U.S. lost to Brazil 3-2 in the Davis Cup interstate semifinals when Thomas Koch defeated CEB RICHY 6-1, 7-5, 6-1 and John Edson Mundurro beat Dennis Bellman 6-4, 6-4, 6-4, 6-1 in the last two singles matches. Brazil will meet the other semifinal winner, India or West Germany, for the right to have Australia in the Challenge Round in late December.

WILFORD. AWARDED TO NEW ORLEANS, the 16th NIA franchise, effective in 1967. Commissioner Pete Rivelle made the announcement just seven days before Louisiana voters rejected a bond-issue amendment that would authorize construction of a domed stadium in the Crescent City. NAMED AS NASCAR Grand National driving champion, DAVID PEARSON, 31, of Charlotte, N.C., with 15,635 points accumulated in 42 races. Pearson, in his seventh season of stock-car racing, won 17 races, finished 33 times in the top 10 and 26 times in the top five.

NAMED BILLY CASPER, 35, of San Diego, Calif., as Gaffer of the Year by the PGA, after a season in which he directed on buffalo steak, brought off an amazing succession of averages long enough to win his second U.S. Open championship, averaged 71.70 in prize money (top in the PGA tour) and finished first in both the Valiant Trophy and Ryder Cup point standings.

VOTED: The Cy Young Award as the outstanding pitcher in the major leagues, SANDY KOUSSER, of the Los Angeles Dodgers, for the third year. He visually presented the award trophy by a commode of baseball season in 1963 and 1964, the 30-year-old left-hander, guided the team this year for his 41 seasons, a 23-5 record, 27 complete games, five shutouts, 317 strikeouts and an earned run average of 1.73, best in the National League among an unprecedented 113 straight starts.

DIED: MIKE FARMER, 30, an coach of the NBA Baltimore Bullets after the team had started the season. Farmer's first wife died of cancer in 1964. He was replaced by the Bullets' former coach (1963-51 and 1965) and current general manager, BUDDY JEANETTE, 40.

DIED: RONALD E. MCGOWEN, 60, for 30 years a spokesman for The New York Times, and his residence in 1959, of lung cancer, in North Woodstock, Conn.

FACES IN THE CROWD



BARRY FREEMAN, 17, a Sullivan (Ill.) High School tackle, booted four field goals, the longest 43 yards, as the Redskins beat the Colts 39-10. With seven field goals in five games, Freeman more than compensated for missing four of 10 extra-point tries.



MRS. JOHN PENNINGTON, of Buffalo, bowled a 36-hole total of 155 to win the North and South senior women's amateur golf championship at Pinehurst, N.C. on her ninth try. She brushed two strokes ahead of runner-up Mrs. Thomas Nolan of New Castle, Pa.



CARL WILSING, 56, of Shelbyville, Ky., moved a strike in the 10th frame of his third game during an evening of major league bowling. Still, his games of 298, 300 and 278 produced an 876 total, second highest score in American Bowling Congress history.



DEBORAH HAINES, 11, of College, Alaska, lowered both the girls' and women's marks in the fourth annual Equinox Marathon in her home town. She completed the run, which has a total vertical of 10,000 feet, in 5:24:10.



DAVID BRYANT, a 35-year-old schoolteacher from Somerset, England who has been playing 20 years, won a consistent and accurate game to beat the singles title from New Zealand's Phil Skogland 21-5 in the World Lawn Bowls championships, in Sydney, Australia.



ALBERTO TASSETTO, an exchange student from Milan playing for the Plymouth White-moth (Pa.) High soccer team, scored two goals—the second on a third-period penalty shot—so lead his team to a 3-2 victory over Lower Merion, winners of 33 straight games.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

PASSING MARKS

Sirs:

I felt that Tex Maule's article on the Western Conference of the NFL (*Heated Parrot of the Packers*, Oct. 31) was fine, but he overlooked something in comparing Johnny Unitas and Bart Starr. Tex cites the fact that Starr's percentage of completions is slightly higher and that his percentage of interceptions is slightly lower than Unitas', and that these are both important statistics which give evidence of Starr's superiority. But statistics are often misleading. The Colts' ground game has never been as strong as the Packers', and Unitas, of necessity, must go to the air more often. Thus he is deprived of the element of surprise that Starr takes advantage of. When the going gets tough for the Colts, the burden falls on the arm of Unitas. When it gets tough for the Packers, it falls on the legs of Hornung and Taylor. So come on, Tex. Unitas hasn't faked an entire nation for 10 years. If he has, he should get the movie contracts that Drysdale and Koufax aren't using.

PAUL BEEZ

Lithville-Timonium, Md.

Sirs:

The comparison of Bart Starr to John Unitas was apt, since Starr's exceptional ability is proved both by his personal statistics and those of the Packers team under his leadership.

STEVEN KUBNER

Rochester, Mass.

Sirs:

If Unitas had the running support even of an Eliph Puts, not to mention Hornung or Taylor, he would have the best percentage of all time. Starr has counted on the running game to establish his passing game, while Unitas has not had that advantage. I am a devout Bear fan and have both the Packers and the Colts, so I would not be prejudiced in stating what everyone already knows—Johnny Unitas is and will always be Mr. Quarterback.

BILL SCHILL

Herkimer, Kans.

TOADS IN THE TYPE

Sirs:

Judging by his article on the Jose Torres-Chic Calderwood ink fight in San Juan (*Without Honor in His Own Land*, Oct. 24), I'll wager 10 to five that Mark Kram has never seen a Puerto Rican cockfight or attended an Arthur Murray dance party. Ten will get you 20 that he can't spell *esquis*, even if one of those little toads croaks into his typewriter. Furthermore, the littering of frugs with assorted corns may bring Tor-

rester, Johnny Manzanet, some luck, but that doesn't make it a Puerto Rican custom. Mark Kram to the contrary, there are not many in Puerto Rico who enjoy the honor and popularity of Jose Torres—perhaps only Clemente, Cepeda and Carlos Ortiz.

ETIENNE TORTI III

San Juan, P.R.

Sirs:

Mexico City has its steady side—as do New York, Los Angeles and Skokoe, Ill.—but, in his story about the Carlos Ortiz-Sugar Ramos fight (*Cops and Robbers in Mexico City*, Oct. 31), Mark Kram makes it look like the Black Hole of Calcutta. It is rather the Paris of the Western Hemisphere.

CHRISTOPHER S. COOK

Washington

Sirs:

Mark Kram should be congratulated for his outspoken condemnation of that obnoxious force in Mexico City. I may not always agree with SI's opinions, but you can always be credited with making them known.

I also happened to notice in the picture of the wounded ring doctor (page 29) that he was wearing a somewhat large lapel pin with a Russian emblem in the center of it. What is the significance of this pin?

J. J. DAVENH

Yorba Linda, Calif.

● The pin (below), the insignia of the Russian ski team, was given to Dr. Guillermo Bolanos Cacho by one of the Soviet physicians attending the Little Olympics held in Mexico City the week of the fight.—ED.

DAKOTA TERRITORY

Sirs:

What a disappointment it was for me to pick up your October 31 issue and see my home state and alma mater held up to ridicule by humor boy Tom Brody (*For In-*

sham, It Was a Day to Buy the Dust). Brody made it appear that North Dakota State was a luck school that has been dominated all these years by a superior University of North Dakota. He also left the impression that it was a miracle for the State of North Dakota to have two nationally ranked teams, since it has nothing else of any worth. There is a good story between those clever gems of wit, but the average reader will miss it in his laughter, and the average North Dakotan will miss it in his rage.

No person can poke fun at North Dakota except a North Dakotan.

DAVID KOLING

Fargo, N. Dak.

Sirs:

Wonderful, wonderful is all this native North Dakotan can say about Tom Brody's fine coverage of the annual UND-NDSU clash—even if the game did take a wrong turn in the final seconds for this UND alum.

JACK McDONALD

Washington

Sirs:

How could Brody say that the University of Minnesota used to consider North Dakota a sort of private game reserve for players and then quote North Dakota's Dr. George W. Stuehr as saying, "Darned if I know how we get enough boys for two good teams"? All it takes to figure that out is a little perusal of those Bison and Sioux varsity rosters. They reveal the names of 44 Minnesotans.

JIM WALLACE

Brainerd, Minn.

● For another Brody look at Dakota football—see page 75.—ED.

THE HIGH ROAD

Sirs:

AS SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has pointed out in the article *Was Up High and Out of Breath* (Oct. 31), the effects of Mexico City's 7,500-foot altitude on the participating athletes' endurance will be a major factor in deciding the winners of the 1968 Olympic Games. According to the results of this year's Little Olympics in Mexico City, the best men at sea level were far from being the best at altitude, unless great runners like Jim Grelle and George Young are slipping. It must have been disheartening for them to be beaten by "relative unknowns," but did either of these fine athletes have the necessary preparation to do otherwise?

Numerous symposia, many on an international level, have been held to give scientists

continued



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19TH HOLE continued

an opportunity to share ideas on the effects of altitude on athletic performance. We have invited foreigners here and have sent our best men abroad. The net result—most foreign countries are listening to the scientists' recommendations and are already trying them out on their athletes. In many instances, U.S. findings are being put to use in other countries as they prepare to shame us in middle-distance running.

Recently the International Olympic Committee passed a rule forbidding more than four weeks' training at altitude during the last three months prior to the Mexico Olympics, *unless* a competitor already lives at an "equivalent" altitude (SCORECARD, June 27). The loopholes are obvious, but how much do our athletes know about the alternatives available? Just suppose there is an accumulative effect to acclimatization, so that a few weeks this year and a few more next will help performances in Mexico City. Then suppose it turns out that a period of some weeks at sea level following an altitude acclimatization period doesn't cause loss of acclimatization. What if it even helps? Where does that leave the four-weeks-in-three-months people? And when does it leave the athletes who wait until 1968 to start acclimatizing? I only hope we haven't already fallen too far behind.

Let me also assure you that many of these unknowns are not so incapable. I spent two weeks with Alvaro Mejia of Colombia at the Bolivar Games in South America last year. He was interested mainly in how Americans train and how we get such great middle-distance runners. Regardless of the fact that Mejia lives at an altitude over 8,000 feet, he is an exceptionally gifted athlete. He was extremely fast at 5,000, 10,000 and 1,500 meters in the Bolivar Games in Quito, Ecuador (altitude near 10,000 feet), and he has moved into a threatening position for 1968 with his performance in this year's Latin Olympics.

It would seem wise to choose the U.S. Olympic coaches now, to let them take advantage of collected scientific data and to participate in any future altitude studies, so they can see firsthand the reactions of our athletes at various stages of altitude acclimatization and be able to analyze the situation better.

Scientific researchers in the U.S. are offering an opportunity to find the answers to altitude training questions through technology. Let's hope that a win in the 1968 Olympics will mean that one athlete is better than another, not just that the loser was kept away from the facts too long.

JACK T. DANIELS

Madison, Wis.

● Former Olympic Pentathlete Daniels has participated in several altitude studies.—ED.

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